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Mussolini with the three supreme military chiefs of Fascismo at the head of the Victory Parade. From left to right: General DeBono, DeVecchi, Mussolini and Italo Balbo.

BLACK MAGIC

AN ACCOUNT OF ITS BENEFICIAL USE IN ITALY, OF
ITS PERVERSION IN BAVARIA, AND OF CERTAIN
TENDENCIES WHICH MIGHT NECESSITATE
ITS STUDY IN AMERICA

BY

KENNETH L. ROBERTS

Author of

WHY EUROPE LEAVES HOME
SUN HUNTING



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To
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BLACK MAGIC

BOOK I

THE AMBUSH OF ITALY

I

MANY moving pictures condone the existence of an exasperating and disgusting person. He is the man who won't shoot when the circumstances urgently demand shooting. The villain, for example, is discovered by the hero in the act of setting fire to the old homestead in which resides the beautiful heroine and her sweet white-haired mother. The proper procedure for the hero would be to shoot the villain under the left armpit or drop a large rough coupling-pin on the apex of his skull in such a manner as to wreck him thoroughly and permanently. The reason for the hero's failure to destroy the villain when he catches him in the act is due, of course, to the desire on the part of motion-picture producers to produce six- or eight-reel films. If the hero did what he ought to do, most motion pictures would be only about half a reel in length.

Equally annoying effects may repeatedly be observed in the best-regulated governments because of the desire of politicians to remain in office, and because of their frequently mistaken ideas as to what they must do in order so to remain—due to the tumult and outcry raised on every side by organized minorities. Because of these things the world is troubled with weak parliaments and congresses which talk much of doing many things well, and succeed only in doing a few things ill; with a great mass of foolish and half-baked theories and very little common sense; with wild and dangerous laws which are inflicted on inarticulate conservative majorities at the wish and request of red-eyed and brass-lunged radical minorities; with many cheap and ineffective conferences and an almost total lack of brave and constructive acts; with regiments of demagogues who fool the credulous public with promises of something for nothing and with a painful scarcity of genuine leaders and statesmen.

For the benefit of those persons who are weary of open displays of timidity, selfishness and the dodging of issues—whether on the part of the movie hero who helps to build up a worthless film by failing to shoot, or on the part of cheap demagogues and fuddled lawmakers who do their best to start their country on the road to disaster—a timely and gratifying spectacle was

provided by Italy in the shape of the Fascisti movement.

If books were dedicated to the person or persons that made them possible, all books on the Italian Fascisti movement should be dedicated:

To all Reds and Pinks;

To Parlor, Bedroom, Bath and Gutter Bolsheviks;

To Communists, Anarchists, Syndicalists and extreme Socialists;

To Government Ownership cranks and to fanatics on the subject of State-Assisted Cooperative Societies;

To organized minorities and legislative blocs and advocates of class legislation;

To legislators who impose fool taxation on the people and who waste the nation's income on paternalistic schemes and reckless appropriations for vote-getting and pork-barrel measures;

To soft-spined and soft-headed men and women who scream for the elimination of the army and navy with no thought of the nation's security;

To all strikers who would imperil the nation's interests for their own selfish and immediate ends;

And to all radicals, subverts, aliens and morons who work for themselves first, last and all the time, and for their country never.

These persons would deserve the dedications,

not because the Fascisti movement has a strong appeal for them, but because without their assistance it couldn't have existed. As a matter of fact it has about as much appeal for them as a sulphuric acid shower-bath would have for a beautiful girl. It not only cramps their style severely, but it reduces their style to the vanishing point.

II

As in the case of most European matters, a great deal of twaddle has been dispensed concerning the Fascisti movement in Italy. There has been an enormous amount of exalted conversation for the purpose of telling the world that Fascism, as it was originated, was the essence of spirituality, the embodiment of idealism, the blazing spirit of youth and so on.

Actually it was the application of common sense to the business of government—first to local government and then to national government.

Bolshevism, communism and their many offshoots that make for bad government wherever they appear can stand up pretty well against the attacks of spirituality, idealism and the blazing spirit of youth. In fact, such things only serve to make Bolsheviks and other mental perverts burst into hoarse hoots of laughter; and as is well known, laughter is not infrequently recommended as a health-giving tonic.

When confronted with common sense, however, these mentally warped folk become gloomy, depressed and neurasthenic; and when the common sense is backed with a bit of organization and money, they may be observed crawling into their holes and pulling the holes in after them so that all trace of their existence is obliterated.

The application of genuine common sense to any situation necessitates the use of directness, truth, honesty, simplicity and square dealing. Likewise, it might be remarked in passing, it sometimes necessitates the use of force for the defeat of brutality and the occasional ignoring of the law in the interests of decency when the law is too weak.

The Fascisti movement, in spite of all the flowery and sob-punctuated things that have been said about it, was merely common sense applied to the problems of a fool-ridden nation. When such a movement allows its common sense to become warped, when it strays from the paths of honesty and simplicity, when it uses its force to attain selfish ends, then it becomes an ordinary autocracy and a very dangerous thing.

Everybody who has looked into the Fascisti movement in Italy is agreed that it was a greatly needed movement, and that it saved the nation from descending into a chaotic whirlpool of communism and financial disaster that would have made Niagara's whirlpool look like a placid puddle of rainwater by comparison.

There are not the same clarity and simplicity, however, in the explanation of the reasons why the Fascisti movement became necessary. The usual explanation consists of the statement that communism in Italy was encouraged by a succession of weak governments to such a point that it could only be restrained and overcome by the Fascisti and their methods. This is true as far as it goes; but it ought to go much further. It ought to go back to the government ownership of railways and telegraphs and telephones and tram lines and the government-assisted cooperative societies for laborers and agricultural workers, all of which ills were as plentiful in Italy as are dandelions in America.

Among other things, these evils were of tremendous assistance in crowding Italy deeper and deeper into debt with each succeeding year, in imposing terrific burdens on the taxpayer, in establishing the bloc system in the Italian Chamber of Deputies until a minority of legislators could and did throw a prime minister out of office whenever they didn't like the way he combed his hair or ate his spaghetti, in intimidating the politicians to such an extent that through fear of losing votes they acceded to the demands of organized minorities for class legislation and the further wasting of the public funds, and in encouraging the pampered communists to demand greater and greater privileges and to grant fewer and fewer

rights to the general public, after the fashion of communists the world over.

Before embarking on the beautiful sea of Fascism, therefore, it is not only necessary to wade for a time in the miasmic marshes and the clinging muck of communism with which the sea is surrounded, but it is also necessary to clamber around a bit on the desolate and sterile lava beds of government ownership that surround both the muck and the sea.

III

Italy's adventures with government ownership should have a certain amount of interest for Americans; for some of America's most influential senators and representatives are determined that America too shall have government-owned railways, and government-owned public utilities of various sorts, and government-assisted cooperatives. In case there are some to set up a plaintive wail to the effect that one shouldn't base his judgment of government ownership on the experiences of Italy, it is just as well to remark at once that government ownership is almost invariably a heavy burden on the taxpayer, if not a rank failure, wherever it is encountered. The Canadian government-owned railways show a heavy annual deficit; the government-owned railways of Switzerland lose money with great vigor and enthusiasm; the

single state-owned railway of France chalks up a yearly loss that is almost as great as the losses of all the privately-owned French railways added together; the government owned railways of Germany, which were the best of all the government-owned railways before the war, were inferior to the privately-owned British railways and operated at a much greater cost.

If the bookkeeping of the Italian Government is accurate, the state-owned Italian railways lost for the nation, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, the tidy sum of 1,257,946,309 lire, or a billion and a quarter. Translated into American money at the existing rate of exchange, this amounted to more than sixty million dollars, for about twenty lire were equivalent to one dollar. The Italian Government's bookkeeping may be open to suspicion, as is the bookkeeping of all governments, including our own, when they mix up in business; but one may be certain that any mistakes that have crept in have been mistakes that tended to minimize the government's losses as much as possible.

The Italian Government apparently believed in employing almost enough railway workers in recent years to give individual attention to each passenger who traveled in an Italian train. Before the war there were slightly under one hundred fifty thousand railway employees in the Italian service, while at the end of 1922 there

were two hundred twenty-eight thousand of them. This increase in employees wasn't due to any increase in the size of the Italian railway system, but to frequent changes in the government. Every time a government changed, a great many more political supporters had to be supplied with jobs by the new government in return for services rendered. The politicians of every nation are invariably brought into the world with a highly developed determination to use all government-owned propositions as a means of buying or paying for votes.

One might have expected—if one had been an eager and starry-eyed believer in government ownership—that a condition of affairs that provided one railway worker for nearly every traveler who paid for a ticket would have resulted in neatness, efficiency and excellent service.

On the contrary, the Italian railways were the worst in the world. They were the worst in the world before the war, and they lost money before the war. But as they took on more and more employees during and after the war, they became steadily worse and worse, just as they lost more and more money. Italians would travel on the railways and throw up their hands in volcanic disgust, exclaiming, "Madonna! These railways are as bad as it is possible for any railway to be! They can never be worse, by Bacchus, and perhaps they will be better!" But when these same

travelers traveled again, they would find the trains filthier and slower and smellier and more uncomfortable than ever. It was possible to smell an Italian train passing at a greater distance than it could be heard, which is saying a great deal, owing to the fact that the average Italian train while in motion sounded something like two wagon-loads of loosely packed kitchen utensils racing each other down Mount Washington.

IV

As a matter of fact, most of the persons who were in a position to pass judgment on the cleanliness and comfort of the Italian railways were, in a manner of speaking, in no position to protest. Since the railways were government owned, and therefore a political proposition, the handing out of railroad passes became as constant as the dropping of the gentle rain from heaven during the rainy season. When a politician couldn't get a railroad job for a constituent he got him a railroad pass, and the constituent then spent his time traveling around with the other travelers who were listed as railway workers.

The person who wasn't able to travel on a pass, or to get at least seventy-five per cent. knocked off his fare in token of the high esteem in which he was held by the Italian Government, was extremely small potatoes.

All of the members of Parliament received passes, and their families and the friends of their families. To any one who is familiar with the size of Italian families and the vast and tangled web of relationship in which every European is enmeshed, this fact alone is awe-inspiring. Every European in America, unless recent immigration investigations are at fault, has eight or ten thousand relatives left in Europe; and the members of Parliament were no exception to the general European relative rule.

All Italian journalists were also supplied with passes; and since in most European cities the antique shops and the journals run close races with each other for numerical supremacy, it is difficult to turn about without falling over a journalist. Whenever any European in public life finds himself with a dull rainy Thursday on his hands and doesn't know what else to do, he starts a journal and creates a number of journalists, thus spoiling several promising waiters or ticket-choppers. The average European journalist seems to exist almost entirely by permitting some person or cause or corporation to do favors for him in return for colored news—a fact which frequently causes considerable anguish and embarrassment to American reporters who go to Europe for facts and not for fiction or favors.

In addition to the passes, the railways gave a

discount of seventy-five per cent. to the entire army, navy, civil service and railway employees. The result of this was that all first- and second-class cars on the Italian railways were filled with pass-holders and persons riding on quarter-fare, with a sprinkling of tourists who paid their way. The regular money was paid by the peasants who rode in the third-class coaches and got nothing for which they didn't remove the string from the old sock.

One of the most effective forms of pressure on any government-owned proposition is political pressure. As a result of political pressure on the state management of the railways, the railways were forced to make all their purchases in Italy, even when the same commodities could be bought much more cheaply in America. And as a further result of political pressure, farm produce was carried at a very unremunerative rate. All this sportive gaiety on the part of the government was paid for by the taxpayer, who is always the goat in government ownership burlesques.

V

Meanwhile the railway employees, in the cant phrase of an earlier day, were getting theirs. Long before the war they had organized themselves into several very strong unions which constantly brought great political pressure to bear

on the Italian Parliament through strong leaders and representatives, threatened the country with strikes if their demands were not granted, and frequently indulged in strikes in order to impress their desires on the timid legislators. They were even more of a privileged class than was the general body of workers and officials.

Prior to 1917 the railway employees received frequent increases in pay in the form of cost-of-living allowances. These were sometimes allowances granted to all state officials at uniform rates, and sometimes they were special allowances granted only to railway workers because of their political strength. After 1917 the wage-increases came with increased rapidity. Sometimes the increases took the form of payments in anticipation, sometimes of payment on account, sometimes of temporary bonuses, and sometimes of cost-of-living bonuses.

These concessions were not made in accordance with any system, but were sprayed out of the public treasury whenever the labor unions lifted up their voices and howled for them. Therefore all rewards, bonuses and gratuities hitherto received by the railway employees were lumped in a new scheme of wages, which included still other privileges for the pampered workers. Until this time the workers had been allowed to compete for certain secondary and auxiliary benefits, among them being bonuses for saving fuel,

gratuities to deserving employees, bonuses for the regular running of trains and profit-sharing bonuses. The railway management, with the usual keenness and foresight displayed by all governments in their business dealings since the beginning of time, merged these bonuses in the general wage scheme, thus making absolutely certain that the personnel of the railroads should have no interest whatever in the efficient and economical operation of the lines.

All of this had an astounding financial result. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, the total payments to railway employees amounted to 79.1 per cent., or practically four-fifths, of the total railway receipts from all sources.

It had an equally evil social result; for the railway unions, intoxicated by their successes and spurred on to wilder and wilder demands by the hundreds of communist propagandists who were carried on passes through all parts of Italy by the government railways, had no hesitation in threatening the life of the nation if their impossible demands were not satisfied. Just before the end of the war, five hundred forty-six communist agents or propagandisti from the city of Milan alone had railway passes and were busily engaged in spreading the doctrines of communism through the entire country. Being obliged to work only about half as hard as ordinary workmen, the railway employees gladly and ener-

getically soaked up the idea that they had all sorts of rights and practically no duties whatever; that the state owed everything to them and that they owed nothing to the state.

And that, generally speaking, was the situation in the government-owned Italian railways before the advent of the Fascisti.

VI

A somewhat similar state of affairs existed in the large numbers of municipally-owned tram lines throughout Italy. In Naples, for example, there are four tram lines, three privately owned and operated, and the fourth owned and operated by the city of Naples. This fourth line was originally owned and operated by a Belgian company. It was operated efficiently and well, and paid magnificent dividends. Its stock was dealt in on the Brussels stock exchange, where it was considered a choice holding to lay away in any widow's or orphan's safe deposit box. In 1918, however, the mayor and the municipal authorities of Naples decided that the city ought to get in on the magnificent dividends, so they seized the tram line and began to operate it in the old familiar political way, handing out the jobs to worthy voters and using the same amount of energy, foresight and business ability that an Eskimo might be expected to display in operating a large

rubber concession in British Guiana. As a result the magnificent dividends tottered for a moment on the brink and then, with a low moaning sound, plunged headlong into the abyss, never again to be beheld by human eye. The taxpayer, as usual, footed the bill.

The city of Milan, prosperous and happy under normal conditions, fell into the power of the socialists and communists; and one of the first things that the socialist city government did was to take over the tramways and operate them as a municipal proposition. Immediately the tram lines became a resting-place for communists where they could froust and incubate their rotten theories and be supported by the government. Discipline became a thing of the past, and the workers did about as they pleased. When private capital had operated the Milan tramways, they paid excellent dividends to their stockholders and also paid the city more than two million lire a year as a percentage of their profits. Under municipal operation the deficit was more than twenty million lire a year, in addition to which the government handed out a yearly subsidy of six million lire, which also vanished away where the woodbine twineth. Cars, rails and all other equipment fell steadily into worse and worse disrepair, until the repair bill for putting them in proper shape would have been in the neighborhood of fifty million lire.

These two instances are typical of the tramway situation all over Italy. It became fashionable to seize tram lines in order to cut in on the big profits; and as soon as they were seized, they wasted money right and left and became communistic political bodies of sufficient strength to obtain all sorts of crazy concessions from timid politicians.

VII

The mails, telegraphs and telephones in Italy are also government owned, though there are a number of privately owned and operated telephone lines. These government-owned public utilities contributed nobly to the general mess.

The Italian bookkeeping system shows that in the year ending June 30, 1914, the mails, telegraphs and telephones made twenty-eight million lire. Government bookkeeping, however, is a very dangerous thing in which to put any faith, especially when the government figures purport to show a small balance in favor of the government. When they show a loss, they are usually more accurate in that they are on the right side of the ledger.

After the war, the Italian bookkeeping system shows that the mails, telegraphs and telephones lost money with all the vivacity of a wealthy Chicago manufacturer in a Montmartre cabaret. In 1919 they lost 79,000,000 lire. In 1920 they lost

279,000,000 lire. In 1921 they lost 471,000,000 lire; and in 1922 they lost 522,000,000 lire. It was the same old story of political jobs, of political pressure being brought to bear on politicians by greedy employees who in their ignorance had absorbed communistic doctrines, of laziness and shirking and half-done work on the part of the workers, of lack of discipline, and of frequent yielding to demands by a timorous and vote-hungry government.

The immense and absurd amounts of money paid out to clamorous and highly organized employees by frightened Italian governments may be gauged from the fact that in 1922 the total receipts of the mails, telegraphs and telephones were 630,000,000 lire; whereas in the same year the amount paid out in compensation to employees, both regular and rural, was 741,300,000 lire. The salary list alone would have resulted in a deficit in 1922, even though there had been no other expenses whatever.

The telephone system in Italy is sufficiently bad to turn a normal, phlegmatic American into a raving maniac in half an hour, if he is particularly anxious to talk with some one on an Italian telephone. It is probably no worse than the French telephone system, which is also government owned; but that isn't saying much, as the agony connected with telephoning in France is hair-raising in the extreme. In all Italy there

are only about one-tenth as many telephones as there are in New York City; and the difficulties attendant on getting a new telephone are about as great as would be the difficulty in getting a concession to put a merry-go-round on the front lawn of the White House. After one gets his name on the waiting list for an Italian telephone, he waits for ten years before he is allowed to have an instrument. If he goes down to see the officials in the Ministry of Posts, Telegraphs and Telephones every few days and waits for eight or ten hours at a time before being admitted to see the third assistant secretary of the Under-Under-Secretary of Posts—as is customary when one has made an appointment at any Italian ministry—and if he uses all the influence at his command, he may be able to get it in nine or even eight years. Eight years, however, is about the snappiest length of time in which the deed can be done. The telephone tariffs are very high, and the employees are lazy and badly disciplined, and frequently give the impression of being almost entirely defunct above the ears.

A comparison between state-owned and privately-owned telephones in similar-sized localities invariably results in a large black eye for the state-owned system. In Brescia, for example, there is a private telephone company with 1130 subscribers. Thirty-five operators are employed by the private company to attend to the needs of

1130 people, and they do it to perfection. In Como there are 1135 subscribers to the state-owned telephone system, and the state uses 60 operators to look after them and, incidentally, they don't do it too well either.

The town of Vigevano has 147 subscribers to a private telephone company and six operators are used on the switchboard. In the town of Benevento there are 143 subscribers to the state telephones, and it takes 19 operators to attend to them.

In Catania there are 1405 subscribers to the state telephone and 95 operators. In Bergamo there are 1401 subscribers to a private telephone company, and only 73 operators are required to handle them.

Some people claim that there isn't enough demand for telephones in Italy to make it possible for private telephone companies to pay. This is disproved by the experience of the four private telephone companies named Imprese Elettriche & Telefonische Ing. T. Bormida, Societa Umbra-Pirrena, Societa Telefonica Cisalpina and Unione Telefonica Italiana, which in 1921 paid dividends, respectively, of six, seven, eight and twenty per cent.

The telegraph service in Italy was correspondingly bad. Telegrams took anywhere from six hours to three days to reach their destination. Italian telegraph operators handled less

than a hundred messages a day, whereas American operators send over 500 messages on the Morse apparatus, and many more on the special speed transmitters.

It should not be forgotten that Italy has one government-owned business that shows a large profit. That is the tobacco monopoly. All cigars and cigarettes sold in Italy are made in government factories by government employees. No competition of any sort is allowed. There is more anguish in an Italian custom-house over the attempted smuggling into Italy of a package of cigarettes or a box of matches than there would be over an attempt to sneak a carload of pearl necklaces into the country. The government makes money on its cigarettes; but the cigarettes, owing to the absence of all competition and the consequent lack of stimulus that goes with it, are vaguely reminiscent of a fire in a pile of old rags. They are not so bad as the French cigarettes, which are also a profitable government monopoly, and which give off an effluvia similar to that which emanates from burning rubber. The French, incidentally, are complete failures at three things: the making of cigarettes, cocktails and coffee; and the Italians are almost as complete.

VIII

The very crown and apex of government-as-

sisted ventures that were uniting to kick Italy so blithely in the face prior to the advent of the Fascisti movement was the government-assisted cooperative society.

There are, of course, cooperative societies and cooperative societies. No person in his right mind would attempt to argue that all cooperative societies are bad. Some of them—the simple co-operatives for the marketing of farm products for example—are very good. The intricate ones, however, can have as bad an effect on the participants or on a community as a combination of a dose of strychnine and a bad case of the plague would have on an individual. As for government-assisted cooperatives, they may be depended on to be complete failures, just as an egg may be depended on to spoil. An egg, by various tricky treatments, can be kept in a nearly-pure state for months; but eventually it grows musty and slightly sinister, and it ends by becoming plain rotten. Exactly the same thing is true of government-assisted cooperative societies. Sooner or later they become rotten; and when opened up and exposed to the world, they make everybody ill.

A number of United States legislators are determined that the United States Government shall put an end to all the ills that afflict the farmer, from rheumatism to small earnings, by putting up government money to start coopera-

tives for the farmers' benefit. It is possible to find books published in Italy that will prove in general and obscure language and in some fairly reasonable-looking columns of figures, that Italian cooperatives were pretty good things for the country and the people. If any United States senator should happen to read those books, he might easily return to America and have them inserted in the *Congressional Record* as proof that America ought to go into the cooperative business. But if the same United States senator had been unwilling to believe everything he read in the books, and had happened to check up on the position and value of cooperative associations in Italy with any sane and well-informed Italian, he would have learned to the accompaniment of many a wild Italian gesture and many a passionate Italian oath, that any country which has anything to do with government-assisted cooperatives after Italy's experiences with them deserves the grand prize for gullibility, stupidity and general asininity.

Italy's experience with cooperatives, as explained by several citizens of standing, among whom were political economists, financial experts, a banker, a steamship owner, several merchants and university professors, were as follows:

¶ In the beginning, Italian cooperatives were simple consumers' cooperatives which got along

without state help, and got along very nicely. Employees banded together, for example, to co-operate on their meals. By doing this they were able to get their meals more cheaply. There is less of an element of risk in this sort of cooperative than in any other, because if a certain amount of fish is purchased on a certain day by the cooperators, it is consumed on the same day. There is no element of speculation in the transaction, and the operation of such a cooperative is simple and easy. Consequently the cooperatives formed in large Italian centers for the purpose of providing lunches and dinners for workmen have been almost universally successful.

IX

The success of the early and simple consumers' cooperatives led to the formation of more intricate producers' cooperatives. Producers' cooperatives, however, are something else again. Every industrial cooperative is up against a number of problems at the very beginning that never confront the consumers' cooperative. It must decide what it is going to produce; and if it makes the wrong selection, it soon finds that the market won't take up its product at a sufficient price to cover its cost. It must decide where its factory is to go. If it selects the wrong place, the entire business may fail. Shall the plant be put where

its raw material is landed from overseas; or shall it be put close to its greatest consumption point; or shall it be placed in a locality where there are other connected industries, so that factory-break-downs can be repaired at short notice? What about possible by-products? How will they affect the location of the factory? When are the accounts to be closed?

Now there is no surplus of economic knowledge in the mind of the average working man; and the Italian cooperatives were always formed by average working men. All of the problems that must be solved by the business man must also be solved by the workmen who band themselves into producers' cooperatives; and in Italy—just as in most other places—the workmen never had the requisite knowledge, experience and wisdom to solve them. The workmen could never understand that a business had to set aside two sorts of reserves; one for depreciation, and the other to offset new inventions and machinery which might suddenly spring into existence and render their plant useless. The workman thinks that all the money earned each year is clear profit and can be carried away by the owners. That is one of the principal reasons why the workman is a workman instead of a manufacturer or a plutocrat or a capitalist or a profiteer. At any rate, all the producers' cooperatives in Italy that were not extremely simple went to

smash; and all the cooperative societies that attempted to compete with trained business men were failures.

There were cooperative societies for every conceivable purpose in Italy—cooperatives of canal diggers, of chimney builders, of fishermen; cooperatives for supplying electrical power, for printing, for building houses, for making cheese, for working the land. Now some industries change rapidly and move from one improvement to another, while others are stationary and have been stationary for years. House building in Italy, for example, is practically a standardized matter. Architects are seldom needed or used, so that workmen build a house as readily as a child builds a toy house out of blocks. This is a simple affair, and house-building cooperatives were successful. So were fishermen's cooperatives and chimney-building cooperatives and canal-digging cooperatives. These trades were special family trades, standardized and passed down from father to son. A canal-digging cooperative could take contracts for digging canals in all parts of Italy, perform the work to the queen's taste and make a good thing out of it for everybody concerned.

But in electrical work there is a constant revolution. Different machinery and equipment are needed from year to year, and cooperators who mixed up in changing and progressive businesses

found themselves standing on their ears and wondering what had hit them. Cooperatives for working the land, too, were failures, just as they have been failures in England and in Russia. Cooperatives for working the land might succeed, in spite of the serious problems that confront the agriculturist, if the cooperators could work the land until it is exhausted, and then move on to virgin fertile land that needs no fertilizing. When, however, the land has to be fertilized, and a whole series of years have to be taken into consideration in figuring the cost of a crop and the profits of it, land-working cooperatives stub their toes and fall down with a crash something like that made by a collapsing high-school building. In Italy, as in every other country in the world, the same thing holds true of agricultural cooperatives; when the agricultural activities in which they indulged were extremely primitive and simple, they succeeded. As soon as they became at all complicated they went on the rocks.

X

The demagogue and the cheap politician fattened on this state of affairs. As the complicated cooperatives sprang into being all over Italy, the air was rent by the screams of the cooperators as they burned their fingers. This was the opportunity for the socialist, the communist and the

wild-eyed citizen who didn't care how he got control so long as he got control. Running his fingers through his flowing locks he mounted a soap box, or the Italian equivalent for a soap box, and proclaimed in passionate accents that what the workman needed was government assistance. If a workman's cooperative was losing half a million lire every year, and the government gave it half a million lire a year, it would at once cease to lose money. Nothing could be plainer and simpler than that.

This argument appealed strongly to the workmen as being about the snappiest thing in arguments that they had encountered since the year of the Big Fog, and they reacted to it as the ordinary person reacts to the offer of something for nothing. They were for it tooth and nail; hair, hoof and hide. They went around with their eyes flashing and their arms waving madly around their heads, shrieking at the top of their lungs for state help, and adoring the blithering idiots that were promising it to them.

As a result, large numbers of socialist deputies were returned to the Chamber of Deputies from the industrial centers of the north. Seeing the great success of these promising-bees, the Catholic party adopted a similar program of promising in the agricultural districts, and assured the agriculturists that state help would be fed to them in large and juicy lumps if the farm-

ers would only vote for them. Naturally, the farmer voted for them.

This situation gave rise to the so-called Red Cooperatives, which were the workmen's cooperatives assisted by the socialist deputies, and infected by socialist and communist propagandists and principles, and to the White Cooperatives, which were the agricultural cooperatives backed and helped by the deputies of the Catholic Party. Both the Red and the White Cooperatives were wild and communistic and wholly rotten in their aims.

The two strongest groups in the Italian Chamber of Deputies were the Socialists and the Popular Party, the former with 130 seats and the latter with 120 seats out of a total of 535. Both of these parties existed by pandering to the worst instincts of the masses. It was the bloc system, such as that which has appeared in the Congress of the United States through the introduction of the agricultural bloc and the so-called Progressive bloc, carried to its logical conclusion. The blocs in the Italian Chamber clamored for socialistic legislation of the worst type, and particularly for state aid to the cooperatives. The Coalition Cabinets which held office in Italy from 1919 to 1922 only lived and held their power by hedging, trimming, compromising and submitting to the blackmailing of the legislative blocks. As a result of all this, only the worst

sort of legislation, on which the strongest legislative blocs were agreed, could get through the Chamber. Any sane or moderate measure was given a series of brutal communistic jeers and turned out-of-doors to run itself to death or die of pernicious anemia.

A self-styled Progressive senator from one of the middle-western states was an ardent champion of government-assisted cooperatives in America. He traveled widely in Europe during the summer of 1923 to study, as the saying goes, the operations of his favorite activity, and then told a reporter for a Paris newspaper that he had found the cooperative movement "sprouting like an Iowa sunflower" in northern Europe. "Every land I have visited," said this sterling observer, who was then on his way to Russia to view the noble efforts of the gentle Soviet Government with a tolerant eye, "every land I have visited has its farm bloc like ours in America, and these farm blocs demand recognition."

The senator was quite right; and if he had gone farther south and east in Europe, notably in Italy and Bulgaria, he would have found that the farm blocs not only demanded recognition, but that they got it. The only fly in that particular ointment was that after they got it, their countries had to put on revolutions to get it away from them again.

Bulgaria was run by an Agrarian Government

until the revolution of June, 1923; while the terrific mess in Italy that brought about the Fascisti revolution was due as much to the demands of the Italian farm bloc as to anything else.

XI

The Italian turmoil was not limited to bad laws. As the cooperatives made greater and greater demands on their representatives in the Chamber, and as the government trembled more and more in its shoes for fear of the disastrous results of opposing the wishes of the blocs, the members of the cooperative societies in all parts of Italy became bolder and bolder. The government, fearing to lose their votes, dared not order the law to be strictly enforced against them; and so the leaders of the cooperatives began to take by force in addition to taking by law. If they wished to burn an opponent's home, they burned it. If they wished to steal, they stole. If they wished to kill—and they often wished to kill—they did so; and in every case they knew that the government stood so greatly in awe of them that it would take no action against them.

Cooperatives, through their conscienceless representatives in the Chamber, could get money out of the government for anything at all. The socialists got the government to start cooperative banks with government money, and then filled the banks with political appointees and made the

banking business into a political proposition. "Cooperation" in Italy became little more than the subsidizing of unsound concerns. One cooperative society was organized, for example, to operate a lignite mine in Tuscany, and after the smoke had cleared away so that the ruins of the venture could be discerned in all their wild and rugged grandeur, it developed that the cooperators had contributed a total of five hundred lire in cash to their cooperative, but that they had been able to squeeze something like five hundred thousand lire out of a government-assisted cooperative bank. This form of cooperation wasn't so bad on the cooperators while it lasted, since it gave them something to do and kept their minds off the weather; but it was tough on the government, the bank and the taxpayer—especially on the taxpayer, who paid the bill without participating in the jollity.

XII

From the end of the war until the middle of 1922, therefore, Italy was pushed deeper and deeper into trouble by the millions of employees of the government-owned railways, telephones, telegraphs, tramways, electric-light lines and co-operatives of all sorts, by their reckless demands for favors, by their increasing boldness in forcing these demands on the timid government and the unorganized and therefore helpless body of

the Italian people, and by the financial troubles which were a necessary accompaniment of it all.

Italy's pre-war debt was thirteen billion lire. In 1918 that had become sixty-three billion. In 1919 it was eighty-three billion; in 1920 it was ninety-eight billion; in 1921 it was one hundred and ten billion; and in 1922 it was one hundred and thirteen billion. The country's expenditures yearly exceeded its receipts, the value of its money went down and down, and the prices of necessities grew constantly greater. The Soviet Government had agents throughout Italy preaching the brotherhood of man and the glories of communism, and pouring the sour doctrines of Marx and Lenine into the receptive ears of the workmen. As is always the case with workmen who want more money, they received the doctrines with glad acclaim for the simple reason that they carried the promise of more money.

The favorite weapon of the workmen was the strike. Strikes became so prevalent in all parts of Italy that nobody dreamed of making any definite plans without the qualification that they depended on strikes. First the strikers indulged in ordinary strikes. Then they toyed for a time with sympathy strikes, in which, for example, all the railway employees, hotel porters and taxicab drivers would strike work for a day or two days or three days out of sympathy for the dock workers of Genoa, who might have been striking be-

cause they heard that the dock workers of Brindisi were striking for something unknown. From that they passed on to the general strike, during which no workman did anything at all.

It was this intolerable condition out of which grew the simple, direct and common-sense activity that was organized, enlarged and disciplined by Benito Mussolini—The Fascisti Movement.

And it might be added that for rapid action, drama, excitement, romance, comedy, and the final overthrow of Vice by Virtue, with a deep-dyed villain getting it in the neck every fifteen minutes, and the handsome hero pulling off a hair-raising stunt with equal frequency, the Fascisti movement had all the twelve-reel moving-picture thrillers in the world backed out of the projecting room.

BOOK II

THE FIGHT OF THE BLACK SHIRTS

I

ONE of the most distressing sensations in the world is the sensation of helplessness which is experienced by the person who has dined injudiciously and as a result is afflicted by a bad dream in which it becomes necessary for him to flee from a crowded ballroom in his undergarments, or to escape from a wild-eyed ogre by an unusual burst of speed.

In such circumstances, nothing functions properly. The limbs are leaden, and refuse to move. The mind becomes jelly-like and worthless. The tongue swells to the general size and shape of a bath-sponge. One exists in an atmosphere of impotency and terror, surrounded by the gigantic and distorted faces of those who revel in one's underclothed shame, or tottering weakly ahead of the onrushing ogre whose uplifted club momentarily threatens to splatter one all over the gloomy dream-landscape.

From the end of the war in 1918 until the middle of 1922, Italy lived in a bad dream. She had

eaten injudiciously of socialism and government ownership and government-assisted cooperatives, and she was constantly surrounded by the leering and jeering faces of the mob that revelled in her weakness and shame, and ever threatened by the pursuing ogre, Communism.

The industrial centers of northern Italy have long been well-peppered with socialists, communists, anarchists, syndicalists and the rest of the mentally-warped crew who believe that the well-being of the world can be furthered by robbing property-owners of their property and handing it over to the people who have never had any experience in administering anything more intricate or important than a vermouth-bill for two dollars and eighty cents.

In Milan, for example, there have been socialist outbreaks and uprisings and riots ever since socialism was invented; and over thirty years ago the Italian army had to get out its artillery and shoot into the socialist mobs of Milan in order to calm their angry passions. Turin was almost as bad, and Genoa and Bologna and the rest of the industrial centers. The government, however, was strong, and the outbreaks consequently made little headway.

With the end of the war, the socialistic and communistic laborers of the north of Italy were assisted by large sums of money from the Soviet Government, and the gospel of communism was

spread far and wide. Socialist agitators made all sorts of glowing promises to the trade unions and the cooperatives as to the amount of money that would be turned over to them from the public treasury when they were properly represented in Parliament; and the result was a Parliament in which there were so many socialists that no business could be transacted unless the socialists approved.

Since a European prime minister and his cabinet can remain in office only so long as he is supported by parliament, the government dared to take no steps that would offend the socialists; for as soon as the prime minister sanctioned any such steps, the socialists would join with other discontented parliamentary blocs and vote him out of business with glad cries of enthusiasm.

All this resulted in very weak governments, which permitted the socialists to do as they pleased; and as is always the case when the socialists have a free hand, they promptly pleased to make everything as unpleasant as possible for every one.

II

The red flag of communism was flown everywhere through the north of Italy. On walls and fences all over the country were chalked the slogans of communism: "Hurrah for Lenine!" "Hurrah for Soviet Russia!" Communist agita-

tors, or propagandisti, supplied with free passes on the government railways, traveled the length and breadth of the nation, urging the workers to class hatred, to mob violence and to the seizure of private property. The communist press aided in the good work by preaching contempt for the king, contempt for the army, contempt for the government, contempt for patriotism, contempt for civic pride—contempt for nearly everything, in fact, that decent people regard as worthy of admiration. Wearied by years of war, the Italians were apathetic and unsettled, and presented a fertile field for the growth of the malignant communist doctrines.

Organized minorities of workmen in various cities and towns in the north, by the use of strong-arm methods and terrorization tactics, succeeded in controlling the local elections and electing communist mayors who condoned and encouraged any sort of violence in furthering socialist and communist doctrines. By 1920 the red flag was flying over nearly two thousand villages, towns and cities that had elected socialist mayors or councils.

Milan, for example, elected a socialist city administration which promptly proceeded to wreck the city financially. It added hundreds of socialists to the ranks of city employees, until there was an employee for every ninety inhabitants. It made the fire department into a Red Guard, the

members of which were paid the very large sum of twenty-five thousand lire a year in addition to receiving their lodging, food and clothes. It raised municipal pensions to two and three times the amount that they were in other cities, so that municipal employees strained themselves severely in the effort to retire and live on their pensions. They ran every public utility deep into debt, and in general jammed the city into such a financial hole that years must elapse before it can be free of the burden again.

When public meetings were held in the north and the conservative element tried to make itself heard, the communists silenced them with noise, tumult and insults; and if these methods were not efficacious, they used clubs, dirks, empty wine-bottles, bombs, cobble-stones and other lethal bric-a-brac.

The children were taught the elements of communism in the public schools, and the Italian flags and the crucifixes and the portraits of the king were removed from the walls.

The socialist deputies who were returned to Parliament used regulation communist methods against the other members. Spending an afternoon in the Italian Chamber of deputies in 1919, 1920 or 1921 was like spending an afternoon in the assembly-hall of an insane asylum. The perpetual tumult and uproar kept up by the socialist members during all proceedings to which they

were in any way opposed, or during any attempt to speak on the part of non-socialist members, was very like the roar that is set up by the cheering stands at a football game during exciting plays. The proceedings were further enlivened, as a rule, by several fist-fights and by the use of every cuss-word in the Italian language. It is interesting to note that the same tumultuous, intolerant tactics have been adopted by the socialist members recently returned in such large numbers to that hitherto ultra-parliamentary and tolerant home of calm thought and undammed speech, the British Parliament.

III

The entire north of Italy was controlled by Red Leagues and Red Unions, all of which felt so secure from interference on the part of the police and the government that they killed at will in order to retain, consolidate and enlarge their control. Any attempt on the part of persons in authority to stop the Red Leagues and Red Unions in their program of local and national destruction was met not only by violence, but also by strikes that tied up communities, districts and even the entire nation for days and weeks at a time.

When, for example, in Naples, some hotel employees were arrested during a strike of the wait-

ers' union, all the workers of Naples went on a sympathy strike to show their sympathy for the arrested ones. When the sleeping-car employees struck for higher wages and all sleeping cars were removed from Italian expresses, the union of sleeping-car employees requested the railway unions to declare a general railway strike for one day for sympathy's sake. This was done, and travelers were thrown off their trains late at night to find lodgings in cities already greatly overcrowded.

General railway strikes to express disapprobation of the government's policy on the part of the Red railway unions sometimes lasted for eight and ten days, during which time not a wheel turned on the railways, and the entire business of Italy came to a standstill. Red unions of postal employees went on prolonged strikes and added to the gaiety of the occasion by pouring sulphuric acid into the jammed letter-boxes. Red unions of stevedores that controlled the loading of ships in Italian ports refused to remove cargoes or to load them, and further refused to allow any one else to do it. Hotel employees in the largest Italian cities walked out on strikes with hardly an hour's warning, leaving the guests to run frantically up and down the halls in search of some one to help them move their trunks.

Italians who had emigrated to America years before, saved up a sizable bank-roll, and returned

to Italy to spend their declining years in peace and prosperity spent most of their time warning Italians in America to stay where they were. "No matter to what part of Italy we go," they complained, "we find nothing but strikes, strikes, strikes. It is impossible to work; it is impossible to be at peace; the country is impossible."

In various cities, notably in Turin and Milan, the workers took over various large manufacturing plants and attempted to run them. These attempts always ended in disaster for the workmen, however; for nobody would buy the products of the factories for fear of being unable to get a clear title to them; and since the workmen enjoyed no income, they were unable to buy new raw material—and nobody would give them credit. Consequently they were able to run the factories only so long as the raw material lasted. When that was gone, they gave up the plants and went back to the ordinary life of an ordinary Italian workman—a few days of work followed by a few weeks of strikes.

IV

The Red outbreaks and communist disorders were not limited to the cities and manufacturing centers. It is the dream of every Italian peasant to own his little piece of land instead of working the land for a landlord and taking fifty per cent.

of the crop. The communist agitators consequently found it easy to win them over to communism by promising them that when Italy went communist, the land would be turned over to them. When, however, the peasants had become communists, the agitators realized with some agitation that if they carried out their promises, they would have great numbers of little landowners on their hands, that landowners refuse to be socialists, and that they would then quit the communists and leave the agitators flat on their backs, so to speak. Consequently the agitators persuaded the Red Socialist Leagues of peasants to take extreme measures against those who bought land.

This became particularly virulent around Ferrara, where there are wide expanses of very fertile reclaimed marsh-land. The leagues declared boycotts against all persons who displeased them—against a son for taking the side of a boycotted father; against farmers who lifted their farm-produce on to their own carts instead of calling members of the porters' cooperatives to do it. A person who was boycotted could buy nothing: he could get no medical attention; no medicines would be sold to him. If he tried to escape the boycott by moving to the next village, the boycott was passed along to the next socialist league.

The Socialist Provincial Congress of Ferrara

published a remarkable document which ingenuously exposed the Soviet-inspired program that actuated the political activities of all the Red leagues and unions.

“The socialist party,” declared this document, “shall participate in the electoral contest for the purpose of securing all municipal and provincial offices, and in order to control and paralyze all bourgeoisie powers and state machinery, so that the advent of revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat may be hastened.

“In order that these ends shall be attained, those who are elected shall constantly carry on an anti-Democratic action by (1) infusing class warfare into the municipalities so that the socialist administration shall be the administration of the proletariat against the possessing-class; by (2) seizing for the municipality all the functions of public order; by creating municipal and regional proletarian militia; by (3) developing and selecting the already existing proletarian militias and arming them; and finally by (4) initiating a vast mass movement whose object shall be the replacing of the prefectures and parliament by central committees of independent socialist communes.”

In the country districts the Red peasant leagues—particularly around Bologna and Ferrara—practically ruined the land and wrecked the work of years. They started with the com-

munist idea of ruining the capitalist, no matter how small, by destroying all private ownership. The Italian peasant works the land and raises cattle on a fifty-fifty basis. The landowner provides the land, the peasant's home, the tools and the seed; and the peasant gives his work. The profits are equally divided. Cattle are raised and marketed on the same basis.

When the peasants went communist, however, they insisted through their leaders that all cattle should belong to the landowners in entirety, and that the peasants should be paid cash for their share in them. The landowners, being trapped, agreed to this and paid over to the peasants one-half the value of the cattle. When the peasants had the money safely pouched, they refused to feed or water the cattle, and they also forcibly resisted the owners of the cattle when they attempted to feed them themselves, so that the cattle starved and died of thirst.

The Red leagues and agricultural cooperatives furthermore controlled the harvesting machines. Having been told by communist agitators that the land which they worked should belong to them, they seized estates and worked them. The harvesting machines were not permitted to be used on privately-owned estates, with the result that the crops shriveled and died in the fields.

V.

Here, then, was a state of affairs under which no man had protection from the forces that stood for unemployment, waste and disorder; for license, class hatred and crime; for ignorance, brutality, corruption and anti-patriotism. All that was evil in government was glorified: all that was good was flouted. Nitti, Prime Minister in 1919, believed in giving the socialists everything for which they asked, in order to coax them over to his side. One of the things that he did at the behest of the socialists less than a year after the end of the war was to grant amnesties to the men who had deserted from the army when the country was in danger, or who had fled to Switzerland to escape military service.

At the same time the socialists jeered the Italian flag when it appeared on the streets; and those who saluted it were occasionally beaten to death; while officers in uniform were so liable to insults, to stoning and to being spat upon in the industrial centers that they were first ordered to wear no side-arms for fear that they might shoot their insulters, and then ordered never to wear uniforms except when on active duty.

The Red unions of railway workers at times went so far as to refuse to run trains on which officers in uniform attempted to travel.

When the government undertook to celebrate the first anniversary of the armistice with a vic-

tory parade and triumphal arches, the socialists and communists raised an admonitory hand and let out a roar of protest. The government at once backed down apologetically, and there was no celebration of armistice day in Italy in 1919.

Less than a month after the first anniversary of the armistice the socialist deputies in the Italian Chamber of Deputies indulged in a violent and hostile demonstration against the king.

All these things were highly complimentary, of course, to the millions of Italians who had fought through the bitter years of the war, as well as being a grateful memorial to the five hundred thousand Italians who had died in battle for their country.

Not all of the Italians who were enrolled in the socialist ranks were communists and Bolsheviks. They went into the Socialist Party for various reasons. Since they could look for no help from the police, the army or the government, they turned to the socialists because it seemed to be the popular way to turn—always a good reason where Italians are concerned; or because it seemed to them that a strong socialist government was better than no government at all; or because they couldn't eat or exist without joining Red cooperatives and subscribing publicly to the communist ideals and program; or because they were bulldozed and driven into it by the communist agitators.

The communist movement in Italy was essentially a minority movement, as it was in Russia and as it must always be in every country; but since it was a strongly organized minority fighting for a genuine—though a rotten—Cause, it was able to overwhelm the apathetic and unorganized majority by its clamor and its strong-arm methods.

It is probably true, however, that if the socialists and communists had at any time in 1920 or 1921 possessed a strong leader, they would have been able to consolidate their wide-spread local triumphs and install a Soviet Government in Rome. Fortunately, they had no such leader. Able brains are not frequently found in communist circles; for a mind must be warped in order to believe in communism. The fact that many of those who marched under the socialist banners were not socialists at all helps to explain some of the things that happened later.

VI

From the very end of the war, there were little stirrings of rage and indignation in various parts of northern Italy at the chaos, crime and corruption that followed in the train of the Red unions and Red leagues and Red cooperatives and communist agitators. Here and there a few decent youngsters gave up all idea of waiting for an im-

potent government to right their wrongs, and said to each other: "Here! We can't go on like this!" Thereupon they would get out their shot-guns and their revolvers and meet strong-arm methods with strong-arm methods. Since they were invariably seething with fury at communist actions and fighting for what they knew to be right, they could usually dispose of a crowd of communists that outnumbered them five to one.

This was the origin of what came to be known as the Faseisti movement; and the earliest evidences of it were up around Bologna and Ferrara, where the communistic peasant organization refused to feed and water the landowner's cattle, and also used force to prevent the landowners from feeding them. When this happened, the landowners and their sons unlimbered their fowling pieces, went out in little bands of eight and ten and fifteen men, perforated the socialistic peasants with large quantities of No. 2 shot, and then carried food and water to the cattle that the peasants wished to die of starvation and thirst.

The person who dramatized the Fascisti movement for the Italian people, and organized it, and sent it flaming through Italy from the Alps to Sicily and from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic, and developed it to a point where it was able to make socialism and communism and demagoguery and cowardly polities hunt cover in the

nearest drain pipe, was Benito Mussolini, stone mason, day laborer, erstwhile socialist, soldier and editor.

Mussolini is the son of a blacksmith who was an ardent socialist, and was born July 29, 1883. At the age of nine he was sent to the college of the Salesian Fathers at Faenza, and at the age of fifteen he was guilty of writing a controversial article and several sonnets. At the Forli Normal School he obtained a diploma entitling him to teach school; and when he was twenty years old he ran for Parliament in his home district on the Socialist ticket. He was severely defeated by a wealthy opponent, and showed his passionate Italian displeasure by picking up a rock and bouncing it against a ballot box, completely wrecking it. For this act of lawlessness, the police tried to lay hands on young Mussolini and cast him into the local bastille; but he frustrated them by taking a quick run up to Switzerland.

In 1906 he worked in Lugano as a carpenter; and later he went to Lausanne where he assisted in ditch-digging operations during part of the day and attended classes at the University during the rest of the time. For his work he was given a degree as Professor of French.

He then went back to Italy and wrote revolutionary articles for various newspapers, and generally behaved in a grouchy, anti-militaristic, rebellious manner. He organized socialist clubs

and edited socialist newspapers and acted as the leader of violent socialists wherever he went. At the socialist Congress in Modena in 1912, he forced the party to throw out Messrs. Bissolati, Bonomi and Podrecca for not being sufficiently violent in their socialism. Bissolati and Bonomi later became prime ministers of Italy, while Podrecca has lectured recently in America, being now one of Mussolini's staunchest supporters.

He then became the editor of *Avanti*, a rabidly socialistic paper, and was a very hard-boiled egg, going around collarless and in a fur cap to show that he was one of the masses.

When the war broke out, Mussolini refused to support the socialists in their pacifist resolutions and their demands for neutrality. The party, frantically angry, expelled him, whereupon he founded the paper *Popolo d'Italia* and began to scream for Italian intervention in the war. His paper gained a very large circulation, and is generally credited with having done a great deal toward bringing Italy in on the side of the Allies.

In 1915 he went to the front as a private, and was later made a corporal. His commanding general has stated that there was some hesitation at the time over giving him a corporal's authority because of his record as a socialist. He was severely wounded by bursting shrapnel and invalidated out of the army, whereupon he again took up his work on the *Popolo d'Italia*, steadily

preaching anti-socialism until out of his preaching he evolved the Fascisti movement.

VII

Fascismo wasn't started by Mussolini, properly speaking. It was largely a state of mind, and it started by itself. It was the opposite of wild ideas, of lawlessness, of injustice, of cowardice, of treason, of crime, of class warfare, of special privilege; and it represented square-dealing, patriotism and common sense—particularly the sort of common sense that saw what needed to be done and then went ahead and did it without hedging, dodging or delaying.

Italy, from ancient times down to the present day, has been a collection of pockets, each pocket filled with people who viewed the inhabitants of the other pockets with a certain amount of suspicion or fear or contempt. In the old days the coast cities were frequently independent republics which maintained navies and merchant fleets and fought bitterly with each other; while the inland cities supported armies which sallied forth from behind their crenellated walls at frequent intervals and fought violently with any other city that owned a cathedral worth looting or a nobleman worth robbing. A little of this old enmity and pride of locality still remains, even in towns whose argosies once sailed the seven seas, but

whose modern glory is maintained by two or three thousand poverty-stricken little tradesmen and farmers in ancient and odorous buildings clinging precariously to a sun-baked hill. A social theory isn't enough to unite these people. A cause must be dramatized for them in order to make them move together.

At the end of the war an attempt was made by what might have been called Italy's best citizens to create a strong national spirit. They recognized that Italy had been the great international hick at the conference table—that other nations had rudely taken away her candy without a word of apology—that German control of Italian banks had prevented a sufficient amount of ammunition from reaching the Italian armies—that Soviet money was ripping the country to pieces; and so they started the Nazionalista party, which was to unite all good citizens in a fight for Italian interests. Unfortunately, these gentlemen were quite law-abiding, and they expected to overthrow Italy's internal enemies by talking about them frankly but politely, and telling the government what they wanted, and voting against the communists in a calm and orderly manner. Communists, however, are rough eggs, as the saying goes, and don't readily succumb to this sort of treatment. The Nazionalistas meant well, and they had a fine crowd with them; but they were a silk-stockings crowd and they lacked the vital

force that has come to be known as the punch. They were very difficult to dramatize—about as difficult as a cold potato.

Early in 1919, however, Benito Mussolini saw the little angry outbursts of property-owners against the communists and the Red unions in northern Italy; and he proceeded to attach a name and a character to that particular sort of direct, vivid, common-sense action. He took the name from one that had been coined by Gabriele d'Annunzio, the poet-aviator who occupied Fiume—Fascismo, derived from the Latin *fasces*, which was the axe surrounded by the bundle of sticks that was carried by the lictors of ancient Rome in token of the State's authority to execute criminals and to whip wrong-doers. Fasci, then, were the little bodies of young men who undertook to break the communist power that was breaking Italy, and the Fascisti were the individual members of those groups. He gave them a uniform and a salute and a military organization and an oath and a battle cry and a battle song—all of them unusual and dramatic and picturesque. These things, like the program of the Fascisti, didn't come all at once, but gradually, as the movement grew and gained strength.

The idea for the salute also came from Gabriele d'Annunzio, who had taught his troops to use the ancient salute of the Roman legionaries when he occupied and held Fiume. This salute

was given by extending the right arm straight ahead, slightly above the level of the eyes. The Fascisti battle-cry, "Eja, Eja, Alala!" was an ancient Greek cry that had been used by the Italian Flying Corps during the war, also at D'Annunzio's suggestion. One of the sad features of the Fascisti movement, incidentally, was the picture of publicity-hungry D'Annunzio, sitting morose and forgotten in his home at Lake Garda, while Mussolini stalked grandly ahead in the glare of the limelight, utilizing D'Annunzio's ideas and getting the credit for them.

The military organization finally adopted by the Fascisti was the organization of the ancient Roman armies. There were two great classes—principi, or first-line combatants, who wore the black shirt, and the triarii, or reserves. The smallest military unit of the Fascisti was the squadra of eight or ten or fifteen men—any small number. Three squadre made a manipolo, which was commanded by a decurion. Three manipoli made a centuria, which was commanded by a centurion. Three centurie made a cohort, at the head of which was a seniore or cohort commander. From three to six cohorts made a legion, which was commanded by a consul; and the same number of legions made a group of legions, over which was a group commander. Italy was divided into twelve zones, and all of the legions in each zone were under the command of an inspector general.

At the head of the entire Fascisti military organization was the Supreme Military Command, consisting of three chiefs and a military secretary.

This organization, however, was not perfected for nearly two years after the movement had been officially started by Mussolini on March 25, 1919. In the beginning the movement consisted merely of a few determined handfuls of young men equipped with a name, an idea and a makeshift uniform. The only program of Mussolini and the original Fascisti was to stop the ruinous folly of the communists by the quickest and most direct methods that could be found.

VIII

The original Fascisti uniform consisted of a black shirt, worn with any sort of clothes. When the early Fascisti took off their coats, they were in uniform. When they put them on again, they were dressed for any sort of informal function; for black shirts have been popular with Italians for years because they are cheap and because they don't show dirt. Later, as Mussolini dramatized the movement, the uniform grew to include a black fezz with a small gilt *fasces* on it, or a black trench helmet, and military breeches worn with black spiral puttees.

The Fascisti oath is on record in the regula-

tions of the Fascisti Party, these regulations having been approved by the party chiefs. "The Fascisti Militia," read the regulations, "is in the service of God and of Italy, and its members are bound by the following oath: 'In the name of God and of Italy, and in the name of all those who fell in behalf of the greatness of Italy, I swear to devote myself wholly and forever to Italy's welfare.' " The regulations further add that "the Fascisti militiaman recognizes only his duty; it is his only right to perform and enjoy it," and that he "must not tolerate impure, unworthy and treacherous persons."

Some of the very earliest of the Fascisti squads were composed of ex-officers of the Arditi, as the Italian storm-troops were called during the war. The Arditi were very tough propositions indeed, and were used only to capture trenches—almost never to hold them after they were captured. They were among the fighting-est, as one might say, persons that one could wish to see. Their only arms were hand grenades and knives long enough to reach all the way through the fattest enemy in the opposing armies; and when they weren't engaged in fighting, they were frequently found tossing hand grenades around among themselves in a spirit of light-hearted play.

Arditi officers, therefore, having been obliged to control these young men, were a particularly

two-fisted lot; and whenever they donned their black shirts and went out to make a business call on a crowd of communists, the air was sure to be full of floating fur for days afterward.

These ex-Arditi adopted for the official song of the Fascisti the song that the Arditi used to sing when they marched into battle—a lilting, rollicking, you-be-damned song called *Giovinezza*, or “Youth.” The words were changed a trifle from those that were used during the war; and the chorus ran:

*Giovinezza, Giovinezza,
Primavera di bellezza;
Del Fascismo e la salvezza
Della nostra libertà,*

which may be literally translated:

Youth, youth,
Springtime of beauty;
Fascismo is the salvation
Of our liberty.

The communists, it might be remarked in passing, grew to dread this song as they grew to dread the laughter of the crowd or the castor-oil cure, which was the wickedest punishment ever devised for the total confounding of would-be martyrs.

And so on March 25, 1919, when Mussolini started the Fascisti movement in Milan with fifty-three of his friends and co-workers, it was piti-

fully small; and the communist movement against which it was directed was terribly strong. The communists and the socialists practically controlled Italy. The government was afraid of them. The people were in despair at their arrogance, at the wildness of their demands, and at the wreck that they were making of the country. Italy's money was growing more worthless month by month. Property values were declining. Patriotism seemed to have vanished. Idleness, graft, corruption and destruction were supreme. The atmosphere of Italy was one of depression, gloom and hopelessness. Every one's nerves were on edge. Panics started in theaters and in crowds for no reason at all. The people had confidence in nobody and faith in nothing.

IX

Here and there in the sea of communism, during the spring of 1919, the Black Shirts started little whirlpools of revolt. The nerve of the early Fascisti was as cold and as hard as nerve ever comes. They made no effort whatever to conceal their identity; and when not wearing their black shirts in active engagements with the communists, they wore in their coat lapels the Fascisti button—a red, white and green oval with a tiny gold *fasces* raised in the center.

Most of the Fascisti fighting in 1919 and 1920 was done against the Red peasant cooperatives

and their efforts to ruin landowners' crops and live stock.

Nobody took the Fascisti seriously. The communists were contemptuous of them, telling every one that the movement was a Czarist conspiracy to bring Italy more firmly under the yoke of capitalism. The Italians who were strongly in favor of a monarchial form of government were bitter against them because Mussolini's early hazy program talked loosely of making Italy into a republic. The liberal Italians thought of them as being extreme reactionaries.

Even the Fascisti fight against communism, in the first two years of the movement, was diluted by its devotion to D'Annunzio's occupation of Fiume and his defiance of the Italian Government. Half of Mussolini's activity was concentrated on shouting for D'Annunzio during those two years, and that issue was not sufficiently important or dramatic to arouse Italy's imagination. That is the reason why the Fascisti movement was practically unknown during its first two years of life. In Rome, and through the entire southern half of the Italian peninsula, prior to April or May, 1921, Mussolini and the Fascisti had scarcely been heard of.

This fact, incidentally, brings out an interesting point in Mussolini's career which seems to have been entirely overlooked by his enthusiastic followers and his many biographers. He

is a picturesque figure and a strong man; but his first impulses have frequently been worthless, and have had to be discarded after the proper advisers have had access to him. He was the most rabid of socialists, but finally became anti-socialist; he passionately advocated a republican form of government, and then turned around and became a strong royalist; he roared for D'Annunzio and an Italian Fiume for months, and then developed a clam-like silence on those subjects and dropped them as he would have dropped a red-hot baseball.

In spite of his many changes, there has never been a word uttered against his absolute sincerity and honesty. Whatever the cause on which he embarked, he proved himself to be a natural-born leader and a gluttonous worker. He had a natural leaning toward good advisers. He selected the best he could find as he went along; but the best, among his early associates, were pretty bad. As he went higher and higher in his career from stonemason to prime minister, he had access to better and better advisers. Hence the improvement in his views.

Investigators for other governments, taking note of the strength of the Fascisti from time to time, reported that soon after the foundation of the movement in 1919, there were twenty-two groups or camps. A little over a year later there were eight hundred groups. Mussolini's

strength may be gauged from the fact that when he ran for the Chamber of Deputies in his home district of Milan against the celebrated Turati in the spring of 1919, he polled only about five thousand votes against Turati's one hundred thousand.

Early in 1921, however, with the communists growing daily stronger and stronger, the great stroke in the dramatization of the Fascisti movement took place. General Gandolfo, the Marchese Perrone and a twenty-seven-year-old military genius named Italo Balbo, who had never risen above the rank of lieutenant during the war, perfected the plans for welding the Fascisti into a strongly centralized military organization on the basis already outlined. For nearly two years they had been scattered units, working as individuals in the dark. Now they became parts of a big machine, subject to the strictest of military discipline, and working with the knowledge that if the odds were too great for them, the rest of the organization would come to their assistance. Such side-shows as D'Annunzio and Fiume were cast aside, and every effort was concentrated on the communists. Money was raised from landowners, manufacturers and business men; arms and motor-trucks were purchased; and with the added strength that went with excellent military organization, the Fascisti turned from the raising of little whirlpools to the rais-

ing of a cyclone. They began to send out punitive expeditions to clean up and capture Red towns and cities; and the romantic spectacle that was presented by these reckless and picturesque fighters captured the Italian imagination, while their successes brought crowds of followers behind Mussolini's standard, so that the movement grew by leaps and bounds.

Workmen and peasants who had been luke-warm and forced marchers in the ranks of communism deserted the Red Leagues and Red Unions, first in scattered handfuls and then in great blocks. Late 1921, according to reliable documents, saw two thousand two hundred Fascisti groups or camps in northern Italy, with three hundred twenty thousand Fascisti enrolled as members and about one million sympathizers. In the spring elections of 1921 Mussolini, running again for the Chamber of Deputies in the same district where he had been defeated one hundred thousand to five thousand two years before, was handily elected, and went to Parliament in Rome at the head of a delegation of thirty-two Fascisti deputies.

The objects and the methods of the Fascisti were giving back to the Italian people their faith that a force for decent government actually existed. Carlyle in his *French Revolution* commented adequately on the influence of Faith on a people. "Seldom," said he, "do we find that a

whole people can be said to have any Faith at all; except in things that it can eat and handle. Whensoever it gets any faith, its history becomes spirit-stirring, noteworthy."

X

What the Fascisti did to the communists and to those who took such keen delight in tying up the nation with strikes every few minutes might in some quarters have been called a shame; and it helps to explain the organization in America of the Anti-Fascisti Alliance of North America "to protect American labor, and the Unions of Italian Workmen in particular, against the spread of Fascism in America." The chairman of this organization, which claimed to represent one hundred fifty thousand unionists of eastern cities, was Arturo Giovanitti, general organizer of the International Garment Workers of America, as well as prominent I. W. W. and organizer of the great Lawrence strike some years ago. This organization was apparently connected with the issuance by the Italian Chamber of Labor of New York on April 8, 1922, of a manifesto charging Mussolini with treason, murder, perjury and arson, and pledging the support of one hundred fifty thousand Italian workers to the Anti-Fascisti Alliance. Neither Mussolini nor the Fascisti has ever had, or ever will receive, any open sym-

pathy from people who think that they have the right to interfere with the life of a community or of an entire nation in order to obtain demands which may be unreasonable, unfair and impossible to grant.

Whenever a strike broke out in a northern Italian town and the inhabitants of the town were deprived of transportation, light and food, as they so often were, the Fascisti would assemble at their meeting-places, march to the town, operate whatever public services had been affected by the strike, beat up or shoot any communists that opposed them with active resistance, and send Fascisti squads into the country in motor-lorries to round up peasants with supplies, haul them into town and force them to sell the supplies to the hungry townsmen at fair prices.

The Red tram unions had a pernicious habit of encouraging its members to refuse to stop trams for all would-be passengers whose clothes showed that they didn't belong to the laboring class. The Fascisti broke this up by putting Fascisti on the front platforms of the cars. When a conductor refused to stop for a white-collar passenger, the silent observer on the front platform clouted him briskly over the head with a large heavy stick. After a little of this, the conductors stopped their trams at the signal of white-collar passengers with such energy that they almost tore the wheels off the cars.

The Fascisti, of course, were marked men. They were frequently shot at or shot down in the streets, or beaten up and left dead or nearly dead. Whenever this happened, the Fascisti took into their own hands the law that the government could not or dared not enforce, and killed or man-handled a corresponding—and occasionally greater—number of communist leaders.

A typical case of this sort may be found in an exploit of Cesare Rossi, a muscular, broad-shouldered, red-bearded civil engineer from Fano, a little town on the Adriatic. Rossi was the man who subsequently captured the city of Ancona from the communists with thirty-two Fascisti.

Ordinarily Rossi was a quiet, amiable, friendly gentleman of very peaceful tendencies; but when his angry passions rose, he was what is popularly known as a hellion.

One evening Rossi of Fano set out with five other Fascisti in an automobile to inaugurate a new Fascisti section in a little hill-town in the Apennines. As they passed through a town called Gubbio on the way to their destination, a crowd of communists saw their black shirts and resolved to get them as they came back. So they built a barricade just beyond a hair-pin bend on the outskirts of Gubbio, and waited behind it with their shotguns for Rossi's return. Fortunately, when Rossi and his companions reached

Gubbio on their way home, they felt the need of cigarettes; so they stopped the machine at a tobacco shop and got out to stock up. The communists, fearing that the machine might not proceed, sent a part of their force out from behind the barricade to attack the Fascisti. Two of the Fascisti were knifed before they knew what had happened. When Rossi came out of the tobacco shop and saw two of his comrades on the ground, he swung so hard on the nearest communist that he fractured his skull. Then he worried a pair of revolvers out of his trousers pockets and ventilated six of them while his companions were accounting for four others. As he was packing the two wounded Fascisti into the machine, a boy warned him that other communists were waiting behind the barricade at the bend in the road. Rossi drove the machine down a long flight of stone steps leading out of the market-place, and so entirely escaped the bend in the road where the barricade had been built. After this exploit Rossi gave himself up to the police and was lodged in jail for five months waiting trial. Very few of the Fascisti, however, took the trouble to give themselves up when they had disposed of a few communists.

The chances that the early Fascisti took were enormous. In Perugia, for example, there were two celebrated Fascisti squadri, the Disperatissima, or Most Desperate, and the Satana, which

name speaks for itself. Perugia was full of red-hot communists, and both the Disperatissima and the Satana were constantly engaged in guerrilla warfare with them. There were only about thirteen men in each squadra, all ex-officers of the Arditi, and all wholly reckless; and naturally every communist in Perugia thirsted constantly for their blood. They literally walked with death.

The head of the Disperatissima was a hearty fighter named Augustini, who is now high in Mussolini's government. One evening, when returning to his home alone, Augustini was waylaid by communists and shot in the back with a shotgun charge. "But I could not fall," says Augustini, telling about it, "for if I had fallen, I would have been done for. They would have beaten me and I would have been finished." "And so what did you do?" ask Augustini's hearers, gaping at him goggle-eyed. "What could I do," asks Augustini with a slight Latin shrug, "except walk straight on?" So he walked straight on. Two-fisted gentlemen, these early Fascisti.

XI

A popular diversion with the Fascisti was to burn the Camera del Lavoro, or Chambers of Work, in localities where the communists and socialists had been guilty of setting their own fool laws and regulations above the laws and regulations of the government.

All over Italy these wrong-headed and irresponsible minorities had disregarded the nation's laws for years; had burned and killed and torn down; had stuffed the ballot-box and stifled the attempts of the conservative element to be heard; had discredited the army and the police, and ridiculed the king and the Italian flag and religion, all in defiance of a timid government.

When, then, the Fascisti turned upon them, gave them a little of their own medicine and forced law and order upon them once more, their shrieks of outraged anguish rose to high heaven and made the stars in their courses quiver like aspen leaves.

The same spirit is visible in America when Mussolini is raucously charged with murder and arson, and also in a manifesto issued by the Central Executive Committee of the Workers' Party of America entitled "Down with Imperialism and Fascism." It calls on the working men of the United States "to assemble everywhere in tremendous protest meetings against international reaction and Fascism as the most dangerous enemy of the revolutionary working class. . . . There is in the world only one potent force against this powerful array of international imperialism; the international communist movement—the Third International."

"The revolutionary working class" means class warfare. That is what the Fascisti were

willing to risk their lives to stop; and it is what the decent citizens of every nation will have to risk their lives to stop, once it reaches a certain point, or have no nation left. The Fascisti weren't the enemies of workmen, but the friends of the workmen; for by reestablishing order they saved them from the idleness, chaos and misery that was being brought on them by the unbelievable stupidity of their perverted leaders.

The ruminative citizen will find cropping up all over America signs and omens of the same sort of thing that made the Fascisti movement necessary in Italy. He will find a bloc system growing in Congress, with both regular parties pandering to the blocs and permitting the passage of crack-brained legislation; he will find coal-miners striking against the general public, depriving it of necessary heat, putting it to unbearable expense and murdering those who attempt to thwart their wishes—as at Herrin—while the general public lacks the right or the means of protecting itself against such an outrage: he will find labor unions denying to the citizens of states—as in Illinois and New York—the right to protection by means of State Constabulary: he will find railway workers frequently threatening to tie up the entire life of the nation by means of railway strikes: he will find pacifist and communist organizations bringing the army into disrepute and demanding that the

army be abolished: he will find labor unions demanding such exorbitant prices for their work that municipalities are forced to abandon their building programs: he will find organizations of workmen forcing their own unreasonable laws on helpless people, and at the same time bawling at the top of their lungs that the Supreme Court of the United States has no right to interpret the nation's laws as they are interpreted. The indications in America are of a sort to justify shirt factories in installing enlarged and improved machines for the manufacture of black shirts.

XII

The Fascisti used violence where violence was greatly needed; but some of their most effective weapons were essentially harmless. Instead of behaving in a coarse and hard-boiled manner to the communists, they very frequently had recourse to a satanic politeness and a sardonic humor that would have done credit to the Borgia family or old man Machiavelli.

One of their best instruments was, like most great inventions, discovered by accident. The brilliant and youthful Fascisti leader, Italo Balbo, was going about his business one evening when he encountered a squad of Fascisti swinging down the street. Out of curiosity he asked who they were after, and they named a commu-

nist agitator who had been doing altogether too much bellowing for the general good.

“What are you going to do to him?” asked Balbo.

“Oh,” said the leader, “we shall not kill him. We shall only beat him a little.”

“But,” objected Balbo, “he is too old to beat.”

“Then what can we do?” asked the squad leader.

Balbo shrugged his shoulders. “I think,” said he, “that your man is a little sick. What he needs is a dose of castor oil.”

And then, laughing in his careless manner, Balbo went on about his business.

The squad-leader solemnly turned this over in his mind, and then led his squad to an apothecary’s and invested in a quart of castor oil. Half an hour later the communist bellower was called on by a squad of Black Shirts.

“Will you kindly drink this for your sins?” asked the leader politely, as he proffered the gentleman the full quart. The gentleman promptly emitted a torrent of Italian, signifying that he would not.

The leader sighed deeply, drew a revolver from his belt and cocked it noisily. The communist then accepted the castor oil and drank it with many a heartfelt groan.

When he again emerged from his home after a

lapse of three days, pale with fatigue and buckling slightly at the knees, not even his nearest and dearest friends were able to keep the pleasure from their voices as they inquired concerning the state of his health; and the politely-expressed hope on the part of the Fascisti that he would not be afflicted with a recurrence of the malady had a pregnant effect on him.

The castor-oil cure was administered for distributing communist propaganda, openly insulting the king, treating soldiers offensively, refusing to salute the national colors, displaying the Red Flag or singing the communist song. At times it was used as a cure for drunkenness and immorality.

Prominent communists who received the treatment were frequently ridden up and down the main streets of their native cities in motor-lorries with signs calling the attention of the populace to the fact that he had just taken the oil cure. No man can be a martyr because he has had a quart of castor oil forced down his throat. The very thought of such a thing brings a sort of delight, rather than pity, to those who hear of it. The communists wilted perceptibly under the oil treatment.

Other flagrant and noisy communists were captured, their heads were shaved, and the Italian flag was painted on the glistening tops. This treatment, too, was excessively annoying to the

communist brotherhood; for a man whose head has been shaved and who bears the remnants of an Italian flag on the apex of his cranial dome can not enlist the wholly serious and sympathetic attention of his hearers, no matter how much their views may coincide with his.

Even such a dignified person as a United States senator, if deprived of his luxuriant senatorial thatch and decorated, in its place, with a painted American flag, would probably be unable to rise on the floor of the Senate and rant against the Supreme Court or demand asinine legislation for the Farm Bloc without causing the galleries and even many of his most courteous colleagues to burst into screams of merry laughter.

An Italian communist who had damned the army and screamed for internationalism was shaved and painted and led through the streets of Rome by three Fascisti, one of whom held over the offender's head a placard reading, "Day by day in every way I grow more and more patriotic!" The mere words "Day by day" shouted at him now cause him to grow speechless and froth at the mouth.

By means of the oil treatment, the shave cure, or threats of administering one or both, the Fascisti forced the resignation of more than five hundred communist mayors in one year's time.

XIII

Fights and punitive expeditions were taking place daily throughout 1921. There were big fights and frequent fights between the Fascisti and the communists in Florence, Parma, Rimini, Ferrara, Bologna and many other cities. Ten cohorts, for example, marched one hundred miles in great heat to attend the Dante festival in Ravenna in September, 1921. The communists ambushed them, killing many; and in retaliation the Fascisti bumped off a few communists and destroyed all the communist clubs in town. At a town called Prato, near Florence, a Fascisti leader was seriously wounded by the communists; and by way of reprisal the Fascisti clubbed scores of communists half to death and burned two buildings occupied as communist headquarters. They further swore that if their leader died, they would raze the town to the ground. One of the peculiar and unusual features of Mussolini and his followers is that they always do what they promise to do; so the communists screamed for protection from the army and the police, toward whom they were ordinarily most contemptuous. Fortunately the leader didn't die.

Early in 1922 the Fascisti started their military operations against the four great Red centers of Ferrara, Bologna, Ravenna and Genoa. Too much emphasis can not be laid on the perfect discipline that obtained throughout the Fascisti

army, the speed with which it mobilized and moved, and its uncompromising stand on the side of law and order—law and order being the two things that didn't exist under the socialist-communist régime in Italy.

The Ravenna cooperatives were very Red and very strong, and had kept the countryside terrorized for years. The workmen began to grow restless under this terrorization, and to complain that there were too many strikes with insufficient results. The Reds, sensing the restlessness, showed their strength by forcing the government to cancel an appropriation for municipal improvements, thus causing great unemployment among the restive workmen. The Fascisti of Ravenna, realizing that it was an auspicious moment to start something, sent out a call for help. The surrounding Fascisti legions were mobilized, and during the night five thousand of them converged on Ferrara from every side. Ferrara awoke to find the city occupied and the streets patrolled by the Black Shirts in command of young Italo Balbo. Balbo went to see the prefect of the city, but the prefect was busy and couldn't see him. This is the usual state of affairs in Italy, where any one ought to take along a few hand grenades and a machine-gun squad if he wants to get in to see any important Italian on a business matter. At any rate, Balbo brought a squad of men into the Prefecture, ordered them

to start shooting everybody in sight if he didn't come out in ten minutes, and then kicked open the door of the prefect's office. "Gas, light and water will be cut off from this town to-day," said Balbo. "They will not be restored until you have advised the government to give back the appropriation for municipal improvements."

The prefect waited a few hours to find out whether or not Balbo was lying. He found that he wasn't, so he burned up the wires with some feverish messages to the government. The appropriations were restored; the Fascisti camped in the city for three days to see that order was maintained; the workmen of Ferrara joined the Fascisti movement in a body; and communism in Ferrara became deader than a smoked herring.

The Fascisti undertook to provide work for their followers; and when the Ferrara workmen joined up, there wasn't enough work for all of them in Ferrara. In Bologna, however, there was lots of work; for it was a communist city, and under communism a good part of the people are idle most of the time.

Consequently the Fascisti told the Ferrara workmen to go to work in Bologna. The prefect of Bologna couldn't see it that way, and jammed through an ordinance forbidding the importation of labor from other provinces. "So!" said Balbo. "Very well, we will lead them in."

So the Fascisti, augmented by new legions,

moved over to Bologna with a force of fifty thousand and occupied the city. The communist unions struck to tie up the town, and the Fascisti promptly stepped into their places. Some of the strikers were forced to work under guard. Detachments of Fascisti were brought many miles to relieve those who had first taken the city, and Bologna operated for weeks in perfect peace, security and regularity under Fascisti martial law. Communism in Bologna thereupon became stale and repugnant in the eyes of the general public.

Around this time a truce had been effected between the Fascisti and the communists through the kind offices of the President of the Chamber of Deputies; but in Ravenna, among other places, the communists carelessly overlooked the truce and clubbed several Fascisti—one to death. The Fascisti thereupon concentrated seven thousand of their Black Shirts in Ravenna, burned over forty homes of the worst communists, and held the city for three days. This gave communism in Ravenna a severe attack of anemia.

Genoa had been tied up for months by Red co-operatives, which had such a grip on loading and unloading ships that they demanded—let us say—forty lire a day for their members. The members, however, wouldn't work, even for forty lire a day. They took the forty lire, kept twenty of it, and with the other twenty hired non-union laborers to do the actual work. When the shipown-

ers objected, the dock-workers struck and drew everybody else out on a sympathy strike. Sick of such nonsense, the Fascisti marched on the city, entered it, occupied the municipal offices and broke the power of the Red cooperatives. In Genoa they organized the first Fascisti cooperatives as an offset to the Red cooperatives.

XIV

Furious with rage at this series of reversals, the communists ordered a general strike which should take place at midnight on the last day of July, 1922, and wholly paralyze the activity of all Italy. Every citizen was to be deprived of food, heat, light, transportation and service of every sort; and by the strike the Fascisti were to be shown up as being too weak to have any real effect on the nation.

“Fine!” said Mussolini and his followers. “This will bring all of them out in the open, and we’ll beat them to a pulp!”

So Mussolini announced to the government that he would give it forty-eight hours to suppress the strike, and that if it had not been suppressed by that time, the Fascisti would suppress it with considerable vigor.

So the strike started, and it didn’t work. The fights of the Black Shirts had aroused the faith of the Italian people. There were Black Shirts

patrolling the streets, so that shopkeepers didn't bother to close their shops. The people didn't worry about their food; for Fascisti in motor-trucks were rushing food from the country to the cities. The tramways weren't entirely idle, for Black Shirts with their belts stuffed with cutlery and firearms were running them briskly hither and yon. Aldo Finzi, who became Under Secretary of State for Internal Affairs in the Mussolini Cabinet, for example, ran a tram in Milan during the strike. Finzi incidentally piloted one of the planes that accompanied D'Annunzio on his celebrated air-raid on Vienna during the war.

Little clusters of Fascisti hauled Red workmen from their holes and put them to work on the electric light plants and water-works and telephones, and then hung around ostentatiously where the Red workmen could see their nice blue automatic pistols.

In some all-Red centers the strike was a great success. It was a wonderful success in Ancona, for example; for the town was solidly Red. So some neighboring Fascisti decided to have a hand in Ancona, so to speak. The town of Fano is near Ancona, and Cesare Rossi, the hero of the before-mentioned Gubbio exploit and newly released from prison, was basking in the sunshine in the front yard of his Fano home when this little band of Fascisti marched past, bound for Ancona. So Rossi, needing exercise and excitement, stuck a

few revolvers in his belt and stepped out at the head of them. There were thirty-two of them when they marched into the square at Ancona and found two hundred Reds guarding the center of the town. They opened fire without delay, however, and the Reds broke and ran.

Rossi's men sacked the communists' clubs of Ancona in a hurry, and gathered a store of hand grenades, of which the Reds always kept a plentiful supply. They then stormed the main street of Ancona—a long, empty, silent thoroughfare, walled on each side by tiers of houses rising up the hillslopes, and ending in a communist barricade. Ancona is a sizable city with a population of some eighty thousand, and the ruminations of the thirty-two Black Shirts as they strolled up Ancona's main street surrounded by eighty thousand enemies must have had a tinge of melancholy.

The communists sniped at them from both sides of the street, and the dust rose in little spurts around their feet as they advanced on the barricade in little squads at fifty-yard intervals. Rossi and his men had no business to come out alive. They ought to be dead to-day; but they reached the barricade, and they bombed out the communists, and the communists broke for the country. Then the thirty-two Black Shirts took possession of a few automobiles, commandeered gasoline, declared martial law, chased and fired

on every man who dared to appear on the street without a black shirt on, sent out a call for reinforcements, and held Ancona for three days.

At the end of three days ten thousand Fascisti from Bologna and Perugia came swinging into the city. They routed the communists out of the hills and sent them to jail: they ran the trams and the electric light plant and the telephones: they brought in meat and vegetables and supplies for the citizens from the country; and they kept the city in a condition of normal and peaceful activity for an entire month. At the end of that time the Ancona workmen came back to work, and communism in Ancona thenceforth had less life than a china poodle-dog.

As for the strike, it died. The communists couldn't get away with it.

One of the dramatic customs of the Fascisti, after a raid, was to form in hollow square for the calling of the roll. Whenever the name of a Fascisti who had died in action was called, the entire detachment would answer "Here!" When the calling of the roll was finished, the caller of the roll turned to the commanding officer, snapped to a salute and announced, "All present and accounted for!"

It takes more than communists to beat that sort of spirit.

BOOK III

THE SALVAGE OF A NATION

I

COMPETENT authorities agree that an unfinished piece of work is usually more of a blot on the landscape than no work at all. The true artist is never content until his product is perfect in the smallest detail. The statesman, the surgeon, the carpenter, the author, the cook—everybody in the world who contributes to its betterment, in fact—is ashamed to have a hand in anything that is partly or poorly done. To say that a person or an idea or a piece of work is half-baked is to be highly uncomplimentary. It is true that half a loaf is better than no bread; but if the half-loaf is badly cooked, it may bring on indigestion and cause the eater to beat his wife or otherwise damage the public welfare.

If the Italian Government had been a strong and sincere and determined government after Mussolini and the Fascisti had broken the big general strike of August, 1922, the Black Shirts could have removed their black shirts and sub-

stituted for them the ordinary high-waisted coats of Italian commerce, secure in the knowledge that they had stood the communists on their beam ends and given them something that would sink them in profound and harmless meditation for the remainder of their Italian existence.

The Italian Government, however, was the same hedging, trimming, wasteful, cowardly, incompetent government that it had been for years, made up of gentlemen who liked to refer to themselves as practical politicians. Now a practical politician is a person who cuts corners off demands that are made for the general good, in order to retain the good will of other practical politicians who are willing to cut corners off their own demands in return for the original corner-cutting.

Senator Sappe, for example, has been demanding the total exclusion of the dread Feevolus beetle from the country on the ground that it attacks porch-railings and will eventually cause an overwhelming number of casualties among those whose inalienable rights as citizens include sitting on porch-railings. Not one Feevolus beetle can be admitted to this country, raves the senator; for one Feevolus beetle admitted this year develops into three billion Feevolus beetles fifty years from now; and unless an end is put to this nefarious traffic, the little children, in years to come, will have to grow to man's estate in black ignorance of porch-railings.

Senator Phluffe, on the other hand, numbers among his constituents several persons whose fortunes would be appreciably increased if there were a greater demand for porch-railings. Senator Phluffe, therefore, calls to the attention of Senator Sappe the fact that a mild destruction of porch-railings is not half so bad as it might be, and further reminds Senator Sappe that he needs every vote he can get in order to secure the passage of the Feevolus Exclusion Law. Senator Sappe, being a practical politician, at once sees that a few hundred thousand Feevolus beetles can be admitted to the country without inconveniencing anybody. Thus he satisfies Senator Phluffe, and satisfies himself by excluding a few Feevolus beetles; but he irritates the porch-railing crowd by keeping out any at all, and he irritates the anti-Feevolus-beetle people by letting in any at all. That is practical polities.

II

Mussolini and the Fascisti were sick of practical politics. They, and the conservative but inarticulate bulk of the Italian people along with them, were sick of prime ministers who attempted to please about sixteen different parties or blocs in the Chamber of Deputies at one and the same time. They were sick of people who preached the saving of money in government ex-

penditures, and then didn't have the nerve to cut down expenses for fear of hurting somebody's feelings. They were very weary of people who knew that various reforms should be effected in order to make Italy a decently governed country, but who refused to put them into effect for fear of losing votes. They were bored to death at the regulation buncombe, hot air and bull that emerged in ceaseless and fruitless streams from the folk who governed Italy; and slow shooting pains coursed through their arteries at the fool laws that had been and were still being passed by the Italian parliament for the exclusive benefit of the noisiest and most feather-brained of Italy's organized minorities.

What they wanted was a direct, common-sense government such as nearly every decent young man wants when he enters politics in any country—say in America, for example. Every two years a flock of young men come up to the House of Representatives in Washington, champing nervously at the bit and all aglow over the reforms that they propose to institute. These young men—fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be—find old practical politicians in charge of everything. Originally these old practical politicians may have been ardent youths, throbbing with desire for reform; but long service in positions which depend on the votes of capricious constituents have made them into

practical politicians. So they say to the ardent, glowing youngsters: "Yes, yes; your ideas are all very fine, but they aren't practical politics. If you want to come back here two years from now, you've got to be a practical politician." So the eager youngsters either become practical politicians themselves, or they are very apt to retire into the bush-league obscurity whence they emerged.

Mussolini knew that so long as a weak and impotent government occupied the seats of power, there was no hope of obtaining the direct, common-sense government that he craved. He believed, as did his followers and the conservative bulk of the Italian people, that a thorough reform and reorganization of the government was necessary in order to prevent the nation from being impoverished, to permit Italian commerce and industry to recover from the double results of the war and the communistic inundation, and to enable Italy to attain the prestige in world affairs to which she considers herself entitled because of her size, her population and the part that she played in the war—and her death-roll of five hundred thousand men is sufficient to indicate that her part in the war was no basket-picnic.

Consequently, soon after the smashing of the August general strike and the termination of the clashes between Fascisti and communists which resulted from Fascisti strong-arm methods in

strike-breaking, Mussolini began to make speeches throughout the north of Italy, crying that the Fascisti must march on Rome and seize the government—that they must, in other words, finish the job.

The arguments that he advanced were not unlike some of the arguments that are occasionally put forth in America by persons who are weary of the constant drift toward satisfying the demands of radicals and organized minorities. In a speech at Udine, for example, he declared boldly that violence is frequently necessary for the public welfare, and cited the recent general strike as an occasion where violence was an essential. He further held that strikes in the public service were absolutely inadmissible.

“In all Italy,” said Mussolini, “there are no men capable of rising to the situation. The political classes from which the incompetent leaders are drawn must go—the classes that have of late invariably conducted a policy of abdication to socialism. The more radical the substitution, the better it will be for Italy.

“If the Fascisti party governs, it can not have a State dabbling in the granting of subsidies and in enterprises that swallow up public money. The State will only attend to purely State functions, such as the administration of justice, the army, public security, and foreign policy. In the matter of education there must be decentraliza-

tion; for to this problem the State can not give its undivided attention or sufficient stimulus.

“All economic functions of the State must be handed back to private enterprise, whence they were captured.”

III

The northern Italians, who for years had been terrorized by the communists, received all of Mussolini's remarks with wild enthusiasm. The passing of a Fascisti squad through the streets of any northern Italian town caused the citizens to stand uncovered until the little triangular black pennants of the Black Shirts, carried in honor of dead Fascisti, had gone by. Each day the Fascisti grew stronger and stronger. In late September and early October, 1922, their strength was so great that they undertook the Italianization of the Trentino, which was an Austrian province until the end of the war, when it was turned over to Italy and formed her northernmost province. The Italian Government had adopted a policy of extreme conciliation in the Trentino, and had allowed all the old Austrian officials, from the mayors of towns down to the police force, to retain their positions. This wearied the Fascisti, who mobilized throughout the Trentino, and then informed the government that all officials in the Trentino must thereafter be Italians. The government received this informa-

tion complacently and ordered the Fascisti's orders to be carried out. This clearly demonstrated to the government and to everybody else that it wasn't governing to any noticeable extent, and that the real governing was being done by Fascisti. Thus Italy was provided with the rare spectacle of a state within a state; and it was generally agreed in Fascisti circles that since the existing government, headed by Prime Minister Facta, was tossing on a bed of pain in a dying condition, the most merciful proceeding would be to tie a stone to its neck and drop it overboard.

On October sixth, therefore, Mussolini and his leaders held a meeting in Milan and worked out a plan for mobilizing the Fascisti forces all over Italy and moving them on Rome.

In the south of Italy during all this time, Mussolini and the Fascisti were vague, meaningless and uninteresting names. The south, for one thing, had never been greatly bothered by communism; and the continued strikes had caused the southerners little real anguish because the southern Italians have been accustomed to the worst sort of misgovernment for centuries. The southern Italian, for the most part, is a short, swarthy, bushy-haired, backward sort of person who is very unpopular in the northern sections of Italy and who puts up with almost anything so long as he can have sunshine, macaroni and tri-weekly fireworks in honor of some obscure

southern Italian saint. Mussolini consequently had figured that before he started a nation-wide movement against the government, it might not be a bad idea to let the southerners know what it was all about. So he had called for a Fascisti Congress to be held in the beautiful—though noisy and odorous—city of Naples, Queen of the South, on October 24, 1922. He figured—and not unreasonably—that after Naples had taken a long lingering look at his Black Shirts with the assorted cutlery in their belts and their perfect discipline and their snappy uniforms and their romantic salute, their warm southern blood would churn violently in their veins and they would emit a passionate southern yell in favor of Fascismo and everything connected with it.

On October twenty-third, running true to the schedule laid out by the Fascisti military leaders, who were General DeBono, Michele Bianchi, Signor DeVecchi, and Italo Balbo, the twenty-seven-year-old firebrand, the Fascisti squads began to pour into Naples by every train. They came from every section of the north of Italy to the number of some ninety thousand. Over half of them were organized workmen who had joined the Fascisti but were not permitted to wear the black shirts of combatants, and nearly forty thousand were fighters in their black fezzes or trench helmets, black shirts, military breeches and black spiral puttees. It takes something of a cause and

something of a leader to bring ninety thousand men on a three-day jaunt to the south of Italy in the heat of early autumn.

Naples, in its impetuous southern manner, rolled up its eyes in ecstasy at the discipline and picturesqueness of the Black Shirts, and nearly went out of its head with enthusiasm. *Viva Fascismo! Viva Mussolini! Viva Everything! Viva! Viva! Viva!* The entire south, hitherto uninformed and apathetic, seemed to be as solidly and earnestly in favor of the Fascisti as it is in favor of fireworks three nights a week.

On October twenty-fourth the Fascisti Congress was held in the San Carlo Theater. The mayor was there and twenty Fascisti deputies from the Italian Chamber of Deputies and all of the leading citizens of Naples and Mussolini and the leaders of the Fascisti party. Mussolini received an ovation that threatened to shake down the chandeliers; and without any waste of time he rose up in his most frowning and Napoleonic manner and demanded six prominent and emphatic demands. He demanded that Parliament, which was good for nothing, be dissolved; he demanded that the existing electoral system, which was a total loss, be replaced by a decent electoral system; he demanded that the State abandon its grotesque neutrality between National forces and anti-National or communist forces; he demanded a rigid financial policy instead of

the combination putty-and-india-rubber policy which had made it possible for the government to kick away the people's money on foolish and vicious measures; he demanded a postponement of the evacuation of the Third Dalmatian Zone; and he demanded that socialism, cowardice and trimming be eliminated from the government by giving to Fascisti ministers the portfolios for the Army, Navy, Aviation, Foreign Affairs, Labor and Public Works.

The program with which the Fascisti had come to Naples contained a few lines that ought to appeal to every citizen who has listened to the wild demands that after-war politicians have been making in almost every country in the world. It took up in some detail the "expenditures now demanded by demagogues who exploit the present generation to the detriment of future generations," and condemned whole-heartedly "the street-demagogism that rants against exploiters and war profiteers as a pretext for spoliating the first creators of wealth—the organizers of labor; men who run risks and wear themselves out, body and mind, in the building of their enterprises. These illogical ranters talk entirely for their own selfish ends, dispense promises of a terrestrial paradise that can never be realized, and rouse and exploit the lowest human passions."

Mussolini, in so describing the Italian dema-

gogues, might have been describing the demagogic members of American radical and so-called Progressive blocs, who display the same tendency to rant illogically against the creators of wealth, and to dispense promises of a terrestrial paradise to be attained through government ownership of rails and public utilities, through government-assisted cooperatives and through the opening of the treasury to the demands of the people who aren't willing to do anything unless the government puts up half of the money.

After making his demands, Mussolini shook his fist violently at the audience and declared hoarsely: "Either we must be given the government, or we shall move on Rome and take it ourselves." This was strong tonic for the Fascisti, who burst into a flood of "*Vivas!*" and howled furiously "To Rome! To Rome!"

The Fascisti have never been backward in the matter of taking action. Once they knew what they wanted to do, they were anxious to go ahead and do it, no matter who got hurt in the doing.

IV

To Mussolini and his chiefs, the time seemed ripe for knocking the wavering and groggy government on the head and laying it away beneath a weeping willow tree. They therefore sent the Fascisti legions back to their home stations with

orders to hold themselves in readiness. At the same time they sent word to the Facta Government that if governmental powers were not turned over to the Fascisti within forty-eight hours, the Fascisti would march on Rome.

At this demand, Rome burst into gay and care-free laughter. Just as Washington for some hazy and indefinable reason is more out of touch with the actual feeling of America than is any other American city, so was Rome out of touch with the true feeling throughout Italy against weak, cowardly and socialist-sympathizing governments. Rome, during the years that the Black Shirts were fighting the communists, seldom heard of the Fascisti. Their fights, when they were mentioned in the Roman papers, too often appeared as little more than riots and mob violence. So Rome had the idea that Mussolini's demands were, in vulgar parlance, little more than hot air. "These hicks," said Rome, "are good for clouting the communists on the head with a club, but what do they know about government? Madonna, what a joke!" The Facta Government, of course, refused to grant the demands.

The Fascisti leaders have always kept their promises as to what they would do if their demands are not met. Having promised to march on Rome if the government was not turned over to them, there was nothing for them to do but

march. They consequently issued orders for immediate and secret mobilization, and for the march on Rome according to the detailed plan worked out by Italo Balbo, General DeBono and Signor DeVecchi—which gentlemen took over the Hotel Bruffani in Perugia as General Headquarters of the Fascisti forces, with Italo Balbo as commander-in-chief.

Accordingly, on the night of October twenty-seventh, only three days after the Naples convention, the Fascisti all over Italy marched in one of the strangest marches ever made by a successful army.

Instead of marching from one given place to the scene of action in a body and under one head, the little Fascisti squads met in their accustomed gathering-places in villages and towns and cities in the north, in the south, in the east and in the west of Italy. Then, by any means that suited them, they made their way direct to the great mobilization centers on the outskirts of Rome. The face of Italy was covered with little squads of Black Shirts traveling by automobile, by motor-truck and by train toward the Sacred City. At the same time, in the north, the Fascisti took over the administration of a number of the leading cities, among which were Alessandria, Cremona, Florence, Forli, Parma, Pavia, Perugia, Pisa and Verona. They occupied not only the municipal offices, but the federal offices as well,

taking control of the press, government buildings, railway stations, post and telegraph offices, telephone exchanges, municipal buildings and police stations. The Fascisti had frequently taken over the municipal government of cities during their battles against the communists; but hitherto they had usually been very careful not to interfere with the federal authorities. This time they were out to spill every bean that was spillable.

The government received early word of these wild carryings-on, and the Cabinet at once met and began to squabble bitterly over the steps that should be taken to quell the Fascisti. Never having awakened to their own stupidity and cowardice, the Cabinet had also failed to realize the boredom of the Fascisti and the country at large at the general bone-headedness of politicians who catered to noisy minorities without regard for the general good of the country—a boredom expressed by the proclamation issued by the Fascisti Supreme Council at the beginning of the march on Rome, in which the people were told that the Fascisti were mobilized “against the inert politicians who have shown themselves for four long years to be incapable of governing, and have defrauded our nation of the fruits of victory. Workers in the fields, in the factories, on the railways and on the tramways have nothing to fear from Fascismo. We have only one aim,

and that is the safety and the greatness of our country."

The Cabinet, grossly underestimating the strength and determination of the Fascisti, and still blind to its own weakness, finally voted that the federal civil authority, in all sections of Italy where it was apparent that such authority might be seized by the Fascisti if it were left in the hands of the prefects, should be turned over to the territorial military commanders. This decision, if carried out, meant martial law and an outbreak of civil war throughout Italy. In different localities territorial military commanders, without waiting to have the Cabinet's order approved by the king, declared a state of siege. Easily excited Italian nerves began to rise on edge in all quarters.

V

Up in Perugia, at Fascisti General Headquarters, there was a certain amount of gloom. Opposite the Hotel Bruffani, where the Fascisti leaders were directing the campaign, were Italian troops with their machine-guns trained on every door and window of the Bruffani, waiting for the orders to go into action against the Fascisti. It was entirely a matter of nerve and decision. If the federal authorities had sufficient nerve to order the troops into action against the Fascisti, the resulting mess would probably have

torn Italy wide open. The tenseness was sufficiently thick to clog an oil gun.

So young Italo Balbo, inventor of the castor-oil cure and one of the most picturesque youngsters who ever headed a forlorn hope, ordered his staff out of the hotel at two-hour intervals, lined them up, all of them—General DeBono, General Crespi and all the rest of his dignified aides and advisers—and ordered them to laugh for five minutes. So the waiting machine-gunners opposite the Bruffani were edified and mystified by the appearance of eight or ten solemn gentlemen marching out every little while, standing to attention and suddenly bursting into uproarious peals of laughter. Balbo argued that laughter is the best thing for keeping up the morale and banishing depression, and that the circumstances obliged him to call for laughter. As has been said before, Fascismo at bottom is nothing but a common-sense movement.

All through October twenty-eighth the Fascisti squads converged on Rome; and suddenly, at strategic outlying points, the hot and quiet countryside that had provided background for no more life than an occasional painted wine cart squeaking through the white dust, awoke to teeming throngs of Black Shirts that had apparently sprung from nowhere. There were Black Shirts in tumbledown castles on hill-crests; Black Shirts in vineyards and fields: Black Shirts in

villas and farm-houses and storehouses and barns and wine-caves. In Tivoli, source of Rome's water-supply and electric current, were concentrated ten thousand Black Shirts from the mountains of the Abruzzi, some of them camped in the beautiful grounds of the Villa d'Este, and others looking out across the flat Campagna to the dome of St. Peter's from the ruined arches and columns and mosaic floors of the magnificent country estate that the Emperor Hadrian created nearly two thousand years ago.

At Santa Marinella, near Civita Vecchia, the nearest town to Rome on the main railroad line down the west coast of Italy, were mobilized the squads from Genoa, Milan and Bologna. At Monte Rotondo, to the north of Rome on the main railroad line down the center of Italy, were some twenty-five thousand Fascisti from Tuscany. At Capua, on the main railroad line to the south, were other thousands of Black Shirts from Naples and the southern districts. Rome was surrounded and cut off from the rest of the country by some fifty-five thousand armed and uniformed Fascisti—armed, it is true, for guerrilla warfare, with rifles, carbines, shotguns, light and heavy machine-guns, revolvers, pistols, sabres, daggers and clubs—but armed and ready to fight if necessary. Military observers from various countries who took careful note of the Fascisti military aspect reported that their military discipline was particularly excellent.

At the same time that the Fascisti mobilization took place outside Rome, the Rome Fascisti mobilized. The Italian army general in command of the territorial division of Rome moved against the Fascisti by suspending tram service, prohibiting all meetings and gatherings, abolishing all permits for the carrying of arms, forbidding any movement of carriages or automobiles except on military, governmental or diplomatic business, forbidding the wearing of uniforms, ordering all public places closed at nine p. m., and prohibiting public spectacles. The defense of Rome, however, would have been very difficult; for if the army had moved out to attack the Fascisti, the Fascisti inside the gates would have been free to occupy the ministerial buildings and seize the seat of government. Still, there was barbed wire in the streets, and sentries and machine-guns at the gates of Rome; and on the morning of Sunday, the twenty-ninth, the curious Romans wandered around the machine-guns and the barbed wire, craving information as to what it was all about.

On that same day the king, who had been away, returned to Rome, and the prime minister met him at the station to get his signature to the order decreeing martial law. The king of Italy, however, is a canny king and a good king. He refused to approve the order; and automatically and immediately the federal authority was re-

stored to the prefects all over Italy instead of being lodged in the hands of the army, while the prime minister and his Cabinet fell out of public life and sank into the cold and oily sea of political obscurity with never a ripple to mark the spot where the accident occurred.

The king's refusal to sign the order unquestionably averted a very unpleasant time; for although the army apparently sympathized to a large extent with the Fascisti aims, it was a well-disciplined army and would probably, in the main, have obeyed its officers' orders to fire on the Black Shirts.

At noon on Sunday the king telegraphed to Mussolini, who was busily engaged in getting out his newspaper in Milan, requesting him to come to Rome and form a Cabinet. So on Monday, October thirtieth, Mussolini dramatically came down to Rome in his black shirt, met the king with a profound and picturesque apology for his sketchy attire, was received with all the enthusiasm that usually greets a conquering hero, and then rolled up his sleeves and formed a Cabinet.

VI

One of Mussolini's chief ideas seemed to be to do the work of eight or ten men. He therefore set aside for himself, in addition to the job of prime minister and president of the Council of

Ministers, the positions of minister of the interior, minister of foreign affairs and high commissioner of aviation, all of which jobs he performs with ability and energy. He also found time on the side to take on the task of reigning over the Fascisti Grand Council, which can not be regarded as any tatting bee, and to indulge in an hour or so of fencing each day, to say nothing of dashing up to the north of Italy or to Sicily or Sardinia by airplane, and occasionally appearing at some large public function and emitting a few Napoleonic sentiments concerning finance, emigration to America, international affairs and the state of the world at large.

He made General Diaz, who was the commander-in-chief of the Italian armies at the end of the war, the minister of war; and he made Admiral Thaon di Revel, who was in command of the Italian navy when the armistice was declared, minister of the navy. Signor Rossi, of the famous vermouth team of Martini and Rossi, was minister of commerce and industry in the preceding Cabinet; and he was the only cabinet officer who was held over from the preceding or any other administration.

Mussolini's other appointments were equally good, although they consisted of men who had never dallied with politics. They weren't very long on traveling around to banquets in frock coats and telling the people with impassioned

gestures what they would like to do; but at removing their coats and devoting some eighteen hours a day to the things that needed to be done, they were noticeably proficient.

As for the Fascisti forces, they poured into Rome by every gate on the same day that Mussolini entered in his short sleeves, were received with open arms by the populace, cleaned out the offices of a few communist newspapers, made a few bonfires of communist propaganda, seized and carried around a few pictures of Karl Marx and Trotsky in joyous derision, and cheered for the king and Mussolini. On the following day they paraded in an orderly and impressive manner through the streets of Rome for more than six hours on end, saluted by the king and enthusiastically acclaimed by the people, laid their palm branches of victory on the tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier, and then marched quietly to their trains and dispersed to their homes in the north, the south, the east and the west.

If Signor Mussolini's adventures had been evolved by a novelist or a scenario writer, his accession to the position of prime minister after a four-year fight against the communists and the demagogues would have been the climax of everything. Life frequently runs contrary to fiction and the movies, unfortunately; and the winning of his fight against communism and a weak government merely marked the beginning of an even

harder fight to consolidate his position, make his job secure and complete the salvaging of Italy.

On the following day, which was Monday, November 1st, 1922, Mussolini appeared at the frightful and un-Italian hour of eight forty-five in the office of the president of the council of ministers; and Trouble with a large, black, glossy T began to occur. It has been occurring ever since in all branches of the government service with which Mussolini comes in contact; and he is probably the most persistent, effervescent and successful comer-in-contact ever known outside of machinery circles.

VII

Many persons came away from Italy soon after Mussolini became prime minister and spread abroad the glad tidings that the Fascisti and Mussolini were romping joyously through the strange new business of government, and that the Italians were happy and contented under the rule of the Fascisti.

This report was somewhat at variance with the true state of affairs. Mussolini is practical, but he is not a practical politician; and there is as much difference between a man who is merely practical and a man who is a practical politician as there is between a locomotive and locomotor ataxia. The practical politician pleases nobody,

whereas the practical man makes somebody excessively angry whenever he takes a step.

There were certain things that Mussolini was determined to bring about in Italy. He was determined, for example, to have economy in the expenditure of all public money; he was determined to see that both the laboring classes and the capitalists received a square deal; he was determined to maintain the most rigid discipline in the civil and military ranks of the Fascisti party; he was determined to collect taxes; he was determined to do away with State ownership and State meddling in affairs that should not concern the State; and finally he was determined that Italy must give him and his party a fair chance at operating the country on Fascisti lines.

Being determined to do all these things, and not being a practical politician, he went ahead and did them as rapidly and as directly as possible. He was forever treading violently on somebody's feet as a result, and Italy constantly resounded to the raucous screams of anguish and hatred of those on whom he trod.

The treading was as necessary as was the manhandling of the communists by Fascisti squads. But any observer who burrowed down under the surface of Italy during the first nine months of Mussolini's régime and gave careful ear to the poignant shrieks of dismay that were rising on every side would have been justified

in thinking that Mussolini wouldn't last another six months.

He started the howls of pained surprise on his first morning of prime ministerial work, when he made the round of all the offices, found scores of desks unoccupied because of the ancient habit of Italian government employees getting to work when they feel like it, and left his calling card on the vacant desks with a few politely penciled words which unmistakably conveyed to the recipients, when they drifted in, that if they didn't mend their ways they would be dumped out on the protuberant Roman cobblestones with a dull and unsympathetic thud. Italians are not accustomed to running on schedule, especially Italians in the government service; and when Mussolini demanded, as he did demand and as he still demands, as much efficiency from government employees as would be demanded by any business concern from its employees, it made the government employees tired. Mussolini has cut thousands of employees from government bureaus to increase the efficiency of the bureaus; and as a result the rest of them are on their toes. An Italian government bureau under Mussolini is one of the busiest-looking places in the world. Sometimes the employees are only running in circles, but they are always running, which was more than they were doing before Mussolini took hold.

VIII

The railroads and the postal and telegraph services came in for some close attention on Mussolini's part. The railroads, in addition to tossing away money for the State as rapidly as though they were removing it from the treasury with a suction pump, had been loaded with a surplus of workers by politicians as rewards for political services rendered. Before the war the Italian government railways employed one hundred fifty thousand workers. In 1922 it employed two hundred twenty-eight thousand; and the Italian railway service, when it wasn't tied up by strikes, was one of the most awful examples of railway mismanagement that was ever seen.

If an Italian train had ever come in on time prior to November, 1922, the red-hatted station master would have shaken his head gloomily and announced that it must be yesterday's train twenty-four hours late.

Mussolini leaped into the situation by attaching the can to fifty-two important railway officials, two thousand women clerks and thirteen thousand members of the operating personnel. This, he implied, would serve as a beginning; and with this as a platform on which to stand, he could go ahead and get rid of a few thousand more from time to time.

This act wasn't quite as drastic as it sounds; for the government was obliged by law to pay a

certain amount of money to a discharged railway employee for a considerable term of years. But the railway workers didn't like to lose their soft jobs, and their friends and families didn't like to have them lose them; and there is a pretty definite feeling that if Mussolini turns the railways back into private hands as he intends to do if he can find any private hands strong enough and willing enough to take them over, the discharged employees will cease to draw any more pensions from anybody. The result is a steady moaning against Mussolini on the part of those who have been fired.

There was another immediate and better result, however, and that was the tremendous improvement in the railway service—partly from a desire on the part of the railway employees to help in the reconstruction of Italy, and partly from fear that the Mussolini axe was apt to fall anywhere and at any time if things don't run as they should.

The difference between the Italian railway service in 1919, 1920 and 1921 and that which obtained during the first year of the Mussolini régime was almost beyond belief. The cars were clean, the employees were snappy and courteous, and trains arrived at and left the stations on time—not fifteen minutes late, and not five minutes late; but on the minute.

The same speeding-up system was applied to

the telegraph system. A year and two years and three years ago a telegram from Italy to the outside world, or from the outside world to Italy, frequently took as long to deliver as it would have taken the sender to carry the message by hand. Then the strong arm of Mussolini reached out and attached the Indian sign to a few listless employees, following which telegrams came from the wires to the addresses with such speed that the recipients sometimes imagined that they detected an odor of scorching paper around the envelopes.

During and after the war the stealing on government railways had grown to tremendous proportions. In the year ending June 30th, 1922, the government paid one hundred nineteen million lire damages for thefts, losses and delayed deliveries in the railway service. Mussolini put an abrupt end to this by organizing the Fascisti Railway Police, all of whom served as a matter of patriotism, and installing them on trains and in stations all over the country.

These young men uncovered some remarkable methods of stealing, and took some active steps to stop them. On occasions small groups locked themselves into freight cars with valuable shipments, and thereby discovered that organized bands of train robbers were cutting the cars out of trains, running them on sidings and extracting the freight at their leisure. After two

or three of these bands had cut out a car and pried open the door, only to discover three or four hard-boiled Black Shirts heavily weighted with hand grenades and automatic pistols, their subsequent activity became negligible, not to say non-existent.

Another clever train-robbing stunt was operated by baggage men in collusion with outsiders. The outside man would ship an empty trunk on a through train which might be expected to carry wealthy travelers. The baggage man, in the privacy of his baggage car, would then select two of the likeliest-looking trunks on the car and open them. He would remove all valuable articles from the two trunks and put them in the empty trunk, after which he would put that trunk off at a station agreed on by himself and his accomplice. He would then transpose the address-tags on the two despoiled trunks, so that each of them would be sent to the wrong address. By the time the resulting tangle had been straightened out and the two trunks lodged in the hands of their rightful owners, they had passed through so many hands and been so long on the road that the location of the guilty person was almost impossible.

The Fascisti Railway Police beat this game by shipping their members up and down the line in empty trunks that had all the earmarks of great wealth. After a few baggage men had hopefully jimmied open some of these trunks and un-

covered nothing but fretful and revengeful Black Shirts inside, the stealing on the Italian railways became much less enthusiastic.

IX

During the years of the war and during the years following the war, the rents of Italian houses and apartments were regulated by law. A landlord, in spite of rapidly mounting living-costs and steadily-increasing expenses, was not permitted to raise his rents. This was a political move to prevent the people from blaming the politicians for their increased expenses. Thus it came about that rents were about the cheapest thing in Italy; and thus it also came about that the landlords weren't getting a fraction of the income that they should have received from their property, and were properly reluctant to build more buildings to relieve the congestion resulting from non-construction during the war. One of the first things that Mussolini did on coming into power was to decontrol rentals, so that practically every person in Italy had his rent raised because of Mussolini. All Italians agreed that rents were far too low, and that it was only fair that the landlords should have a decent return from their property. At the same time there was great peevishness over the greatly increased rents; and since Mussolini was to blame, the peevishness was usually directed against him.

Since he had promised to cut down unnecessary expenses in order to balance the budget, one of Mussolini's first moves was against the gray-clad Guardia Regia or Royal Guard, which was Italy's secondary police force—the first being the Carabinieri in their cocked hats and trick swallow-tail coats—originated by Prime Minister Nitti soon after the end of the war.

Mussolini argued that the Guardia Regia was an unnecessary expense; so he ordered that it be disbanded on January 1, 1923, and that its best men be given the privilege of joining the Carabinieri. This order failed to please certain members of the Guardia Regia. In Turin and Naples, in fact, it pleased some of them so little that on December thirty-first they held demonstrations against their demobilization, the demonstrations consisting of unlimbering their automatic pistols in the center of the city and letting fly promiscuously in token of general disgust.

In Turin, when this happened, the Fascisti bugles began to sound all over town, and in a few minutes the Black Shirts began to assemble at their mobilization points. In less than an hour they were on their way to the scene of the demonstration. They surrounded the recalcitrant members of the Guardia Regia, possibly fifteen in number, marched them briskly to the outskirts of the city where they knew of an inviting stone wall; and then and there they lined up the inju-

dicious and unfortunate fifteen and filled them full of lead.

The rise of the Guardia Regia in Naples met with a similar reception from the Fascisti, following which the remainder of the Guardia Regia disbanded in extreme quiet. Orders are orders where the Fascisti are concerned, usually; and one of Mussolini's orders carries all the weight of an order from Caesar Augustus.

At the beginning of Mussolini's régime, the entire nation, from north to south, was filled with a passionate enthusiasm for him, for the Fascisti and for all the Fascisti ideals and aspirations. The Fascisti had saved Italy from Bolshevism and a weak government, and the people were grateful. Patriotism and the spirit of self-sacrifice were everywhere, from the humblest circles to the highest. Letters poured in on Mussolini by the thousand every day, offering help of all sorts. Men sent money; women sent pieces of jewelry; workmen offered to work overtime without pay—workmen, for example, on the railways, in government tobacco works, in various government bureaus, in the Naples arsenal, in the Army and Navy stores. Cabinet ministers cut down their staffs. Whenever the Italian flag passed in a street parade, every man on the street faced it and took off his hat or saluted—a pronounced difference from the preceding years, when workmen who saluted the flag were sometimes beaten to death by the communists.

Fascisti groups here and there undertook to stamp out the drug traffic, drunkenness, street-walking, crime and immorality of all sorts; and the people applauded. Other Fascisti groups pledged themselves to monkish asceticism. "We, the Black Shirts of Piacenza," declared the Fascisti of that city, "swear that for one year we will not wear on our persons any gold, silver or other precious metals or stones. We will work ardently without pay for the good of our country. We will give all superfluous ornaments to a fund for supporting enterprises having goodness, civilization, beauty and civic improvement as their objects." Every one was deeply moved by the spirit of Fascismo.

The patriotism still remains; but the enthusiasm for Mussolini and the Fascisti is dwindling. For one thing, Italy is a country of ups and downs; and her violent enthusiasm of one moment changes—possibly because of its very violence—to a violent antagonism in another moment, frequently without any apparent reason. She can't stand heroes very long. For a time she idolized Wilson, placing his photograph in way-side shrines with images of the Virgin: then she turned against Wilson, hating him with a bitter hatred. She may be enthusiastically in favor of an adjoining nation for a time; and then, after a little—and sometimes for purely imaginary causes—her friendship for that nation vanishes,

and another adjoining nation is favored with the sunshine of her smile.

In the north of Italy, where the Fascisti are very strong, the antagonism against Mussolini and the Fascisti is kept well under cover, because it is most unhealthy openly to display dislike or disapproval of them. The activities of the communists are so green in the memories of the Black Shirts that an unguarded remark against Fascismo is more than apt to result in an apparently innocent bystander rising to his feet and crowning the unfortunate speaker with a convenient Chianti flask or an even more lethal weapon. The antagonism exists, however, in all sorts of circles—even in the most conservative circles that have always seen and recognized the danger from communism.

In the south, where the Fascisti are weak, the antagonism is quite open. At a parade held in Naples on June 3, 1923—a date similar to the American Fourth of July—the Fascisti squads in the parade marched through the crowded streets without receiving a shout or a handclap of applause, whereas the regular army was heartily applauded. I went to an international fencing match in Rome and saw the arrival of the Italian boxer Spalla and of Mussolini, both of whom arrived late. Spalla was the more heartily received of the two.

But in both the north and the south, when

those who dislike Mussolini and the Fascisti are pressed to be specific in the reasons for their dislike, the reasons that they give are so hazy as to be ridiculous. They don't like the dictatorial methods of Mussolini and the Fascisti, they say. They are reminded that every one claims that Italy needs a strong and iron hand at the helm of the Ship of State in order to be governed properly. They readily admit that this is so. And isn't Italy better under Mussolini than it was when the communists were in power? "Ah, infinitely better!" they tell you, "but ——" You press them to explain the "but." Do they want to go back to the black depression and the chaos and the everlasting strikes and the reckless extravagance of the communist era? No; they don't want that, exactly; but Mussolini has raised rents—though of course the rents weren't high enough; and he fired thousands of railway workers—though they ought to have been fired; and he has disbanded the Guardia Regia, poor things, with scarcely a day's warning—though they were rather an unnecessary expense; and he is a dictator—an autocrat. It's a bad business, an autocrat. People don't have freedom, you know. That's the way they run on.

X

There is plenty of dissatisfaction in Italy at Mussolini; but the more a person pries into the

dissatisfaction, the more he realizes that dictatorial and autocratic methods are necessary in order to prevent the nation from sinking back into the southern lethargy which would again permit the communists, the demagogues and the self-seeking politicians to wreck it.

Whenever an anti-Fascisti is discovered, he will usually prove to be one of eight types. He will be either a communist who believes that nothing but communist theories can save the world; or an internationalist; or a violent socialist; or a workman who believes that he must have the right to wreck his country by strikes in order to obtain certain petty demands; or a person whose toes have been trodden on by Mussolini and the Fascisti; or one of those perverse souls who is against whatever government happens to be in power; or a member of that misguided group of imitation thinkers that is automatically against things that are reasonable and right and in favor of things that are illogical and wrong; or a politician or a politician's hang-on who wants to get his finger back in the pie again.

Many of Mussolini's supporters are fond of denying indignantly that Mussolini is an autocrat or a dictator, and of claiming that everything he does is constitutional. But if all of Mussolini's acts are constitutional, then the Washington Monument is made of peppermint candy. The situation in Italy called and still calls for violent

and unconstitutional methods; and the individual who moans because Mussolini countenances extreme, arbitrary and high-handed measures is probably the sort of person who would depend on prayer instead of action to rescue his wife and children from the attack of a madman.

If Mussolini weren't a dictator, he would last about ten minutes; and then all of his good work and all of the good work of the Fascisti would have gone for naught. With the Fascisti Government firmly set in place by new elections held under the new electoral system, he can stop being a dictator if he cares to, and become an ordinary prime minister. He is a pig-headed individual about many things, however, and he may not care to. If he doesn't, it probably won't be long before some large, dull, blunt object falls on him and flattens him out.

It might be remarked in passing that Mussolini is a very excellent dictator so long as his advisers are good; but what he would be with less reliable advisers is something else again. The many false starts that he has made in the past under the direction of unreliable advisers have led some competent judges to believe that he wouldn't be so good. For that reason his followers are in a constant twitter of fear lest he fall into the clutches of some clever woman who will misdirect his energies; and since there are many women in Rome capable of such a program, they

guard him very tenderly against such an eventuality.

He is an unusual sort of dictator in that he dictates to his own people with as much vigor as to those who oppose him; and in so doing he takes the longest chances that any statesman was ever known to take.

One of the most striking examples of this was the so-called Padovani-Greco incident which took place in May, 1923, and which, sketchily, was as follows:

Padovani, a popular and highly-respected native of Naples and a close friend of Mussolini, was the head of some twenty-five thousand Fascisti in the Naples district. Greco was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and a member of the Nationalist Party from Naples. Padovani and Greco, however, had had some private differences of opinion, with the result that Padovani was against Greco, hoof, hide and hair. In the spring the Fascisti absorbed the Nationalist Party, so that Greco automatically became a leading member of the Fascisti Party. This was more than Padovani could stomach, and he promptly lodged a protest with Mussolini against Greco joining the party.

“Very well,” said Mussolini coldly to Padovani, “state your case against Greco.”

Padovani thereupon stated his case, whereupon Mussolini decided that the reasons were

purely personal, that they were insufficient, and that Greco should be admitted to the Fascisti Party at once.

Furious that his bitter enemy should be admitted over his objections, Padovani promptly announced that there wasn't room for both of them in the Fascisti Party, and followed up the announcement by tendering his resignation to Mussolini. The twenty-five thousand Fascisti in the Naples district, incidentally, were solidly behind Padovani in his attitude.

“Oh-ho!” said Mussolini, in effect, when Padovani's resignation arrived, “the boys can't pull that stuff on me!” And thereupon he went before the Fascisti Grand Council, of which he is head, laid the case before the council with the reminder that discipline was one of the fundamentals of the party, and demanded that Padovani, instead of being allowed to resign, be expelled.

“Who is he,” demanded Mussolini, “that he should put his own interests before those of the State, and question our decisions? Our decisions are final!”

The Fascisti Grand Council immediately saw the point; and Padovani, in spite of his great popularity and his tremendous influence and his high position and his friendship for Mussolini, was summarily and ignominiously expelled from the party.

For a time there was violent excitement in Naples. The twenty-five thousand Fascisti announced their intention of scrapping their black shirts and walking out of the party with their beloved leader. Things began to look a little thin and rickety for Mussolini's chances in the south. And then Padovani came out with a statement that his expulsion was justified, that discipline must be maintained at all costs, and that his followers must not question any act of Mussolini, who was working only for the good of Italy. In acting as he did, Mussolini took great chances of wrecking his position in the south. Few politicians or statesmen either, for that matter, would have dared to run the risk that Mussolini ran.

XI

The Fascisti Grand Council is an interesting governing body, since it is the source of most of the policies and procedure of the Mussolini Government. As a deliberative body there is a chance that it may eventually usurp the functions of the Italian Parliament. It is composed of Mussolini as President, the members of the Directorate of the Fascisti Party, all Fascisti Cabinet Ministers, the General Staff of the Fascisti Militia, the Director General of Public Safety, the Political Commissaries of the Fascisti Party, the Commissary for Railroads—which

works to eliminate unnecessary expense in the railway service—the Directors of the Fascisti Co-operative Movement which has replaced the old Red Cooperative movement, the Secretary of the Confederation of Fascisti Trade Unions, the Director of the Fascisti Press Bureau, and any advisers that Mussolini may see fit to summon. The Grand Council meets on the twelfth of each month at ten p. m., and meets daily at the same hour until adjourned.

The Fascisti cooperatives and trade unions are different from the ordinary cooperatives and trade unions in that the cooperatives exist solely by their own efforts and not by governmental subsidy; while the trade unions are pledged to operate without using strikes and agitation. The interests of the workers are protected, but class warfare is banned and the members of the unions agree not to regard capitalists as their enemies. On joining the Fascisti trade unions, the workmen take the Fascisti oath: "In the name of God and of Italy, and in the name of all those who fell in behalf of the greatness of Italy, I swear to devote myself wholly and forever to Italy's welfare."

Mussolini argues that any course of action that may harm the nation can not be endured; that political strikes which damage public services and hold up food supplies and the necessities of life are criminal measures to be severely

punished; and that strikes for higher pay can and should be settled at once, since one side or the other is invariably wrong.

His solution for strikes is a commission of three men who shall be the court of final appeal in all trade disputes; and though he failed to say so, it was apparent that his solution also included the turning loose of the Fascisti militia on strikers who refused to accept the judgment of the commission.

The Fascisti National Militia also came in for a little disciplining at Mussolini's hands. After the suppression of the August general strike, there was a great rush from all sides to get on the band wagon and join the Black Shirts. The communists were practically ruined; and the only task that lay in front of the Fascisti seemed to be to pose in their picturesque uniforms and look handsome. Accordingly it became very *chic*, as the saying goes, to wear the fez and the *fasces* and the black shirt.

Mussolini, having in mind the march on Rome, needed numbers; so he allowed all comers to join the Fascisti. Several early Fascisti, while these facts were being collected remarked: "What spoiled Fascismo was the necessity of having a revolution."

The revolution didn't spoil Fascismo, but it made the Fascisti more difficult to control. If the Fascisti's job had been finished when they

quelled communism, the Fascisti army would have been a very different body from what it subsequently became. But they had to take over the government because of its impotence and cowardice; and the government of a regular nation can't be taken over with mere thousands. Hundreds of thousands are required.

So all sorts of persons joined the Fascisti—socialists, toughs, loafers, poseurs, blackguards and grafters.

And much of the cream of the old Fascisti, who had joined the movement to roam the countryside with a pocketful of hand grenades and bomb out the Reds who had made life miserable for them, unostentatiously withdrew from the movement when they feared that it was going to degenerate into a matter of doing guard-duty in front of a government building.

So one of Mussolini's tasks, after the revolution, was to weed out the bad actors from the Fascisti and cut down the Fascisti Militia to a total of seventy thousand—which meant cutting it in two. This was a hard, delicate and thankless job, and it made enemies. Another of Mussolini's tasks was that of stopping all acts of violence on the part of the Fascisti. Having had a year or so of livening up dull afternoons by going out and catching a communist or a socialist and forcing a quart of castor oil down his throat, there were many of the Black Shirts who didn't

care to be deprived of their simple pleasures. Mussolini holds otherwise; and the regulation reward for any Black Shirt caught administering castor oil to any person, no matter for what cause, became three months in jail. When a well-known Fascisti, Count Fabbiani, was caught administering castor oil to an anti-Fascisti, he was sentenced to a long term in prison. Even though he didn't serve it, a long jail sentence is an uncomfortable thing to have hanging over one's head.

XII

It was a difficult matter for the Fascisti themselves to realize that Mussolini meant business when he demanded discipline among his followers; but Mussolini knew that his policies would never go through to a successful conclusion unless his personal supremacy remained unjarred and his dictatorial powers undented. If he compromised with any individual or group of individuals, he might as well throw up the sponge: if he hesitated, once he outlined a course of action, he was lost. For this reason he could not tolerate mutineers or even luke-warm supporters.

Signor Misuri, a Fascisti deputy, was a constant trouble-maker in the Fascisti ranks. He was frequently sent to investigate conditions in Fascisti districts where there were minor troubles to be straightened out; and wherever he

went, violent troubles usually followed. Then he began to complain that the Fascisti were appointing persons who were too young and irresponsible to important positions. So there was talk among the Fascisti to the effect that he ought to be thrown out of the party.

“What!” exclaimed Misuri, “throw me out? They wouldn’t dare to do such a thing! I know too much!”

“Tell that to Sweeney!” replied Mussolini in substance; and forthwith Misuri was ejected from the party. Misuri was then challenged to a duel by Signor Bastianini, a prominent Fascisti who resented his claim about irresponsible appointments. But on the day before the duel he rose to his feet in the Chamber of Deputies and made a violent attack on Mussolini in a speech which, when printed, read like an earnest offer of good advice to Mussolini to abandon his dictatorial methods for more normal constitutional methods.

One or two Fascisti, being a trifle thick-headed and slow on the up-take, complimented Misuri on his helpful and statesmanlike speech and were handsomely rebuked by Mussolini on the following day. As for Misuri, he had just left the Chamber of Deputies following his speech and had paused on a dark street corner to admire the view or something, when a handful of annoyed Fascisti came up behind him and bent a section

of lead pipe across the top of his head, which made it necessary for him to repair at once to the hospital, and which automatically postponed his duel with Bastianini.

Bastianini went to the hospital and embraced Misuri in an Italian manner by way of expressing his grief at the occurrence, and the Fascisti leaders expressed deep regret at what they readily admitted was an outrage. But the fact remained that it wasn't healthy to oppose Mussolini or the Fascisti.

In all things Mussolini is the exact opposite of the demagogue and the practical politician. Whenever he sees trouble he goes out to meet it, as in the case of the Masons and the Popular Party, and as in the case of the Corfu incident.

XIII

The Popular, or Catholic, Party in Italy was a political party headed by one Don Sturzo, a Sicilian priest who started as a small-town politician some years ago. In his early political career he discovered the advantages which accrued to a politician from holding the balance of power in a political body, so he went into business on a large scale by organizing the Popular Party and getting into national politics. Though Don Sturzo was not a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he controlled the votes of the one hundred

Popular Party deputies; and by throwing them to one side or the other during the past few years, he had been able to hold the balance of power in the Chamber of Deputies, just as the so-called Progressive Bloc in the United States Senate might hold the balance of power by throwing its votes to either the Republican or Democratic side of the Senate, as seemed most expedient. Until Mussolini's advent, Don Sturzo was the unofficial dictator of the Italian Parliament. The name of his party had nothing to do with the church; for although its membership was largely recruited from the Catholic peasantry who wanted land and who were loudly promised land by Don Sturzo and his assistants, it was unpopular with the Vatican because it was as radical in many ways as the Socialist Party—and the Vatican is strongly against Radicalism—and because the Vatican doesn't like to see priests in politics, especially on the wrong side.

When Mussolini came to power, he took the Popular Party deputies into the parliamentary combination with which he proposed to govern, and gave the Ministries of Labor and Finance and three Undersecretarial positions to Popular Party deputies as a reward for joining his coalition—a very meager reward, it might be added. In the spring of 1923 the Popular Party held a convention in Turin, and the extremists of the party showed marked hostility to Mussolini. Mus-

solini instantly summoned the Popular Party cabinet members and assured them gloomily that the results of the Turin convention did not look to him like loyal cooperation, and that he insisted on having loyal cooperation.

The Popular Party members, protesting that the party was misunderstood, wrote out their resignations, said that they would call a meeting of Popular Party deputies in order to get a more satisfactory expression of loyal cooperation, and that if it didn't suit him, he could accept their resignations. The meeting was held, but the resolutions of the deputies struck Mussolini as being still too lukewarm, so without more ado he accepted the resignations of the Popular Party cabinet members and cast them out in the cold world without a moment's hesitation.

He takes the attitude that people who aren't solidly with him are against him, and that the best way to keep people with him is to show his teeth at those who show signs of leaving him. On one occasion, when appearing with an unusually large escort of Black Shirts, he said: "You may perhaps ask the reason for all this show of military strength. I tell you that I wish to govern this country with the consent of the greatest possible number of people; but it is my experience that strength usually helps to form consent; and in any case, if the consent fails, the force remains."

The Masons in Italy are a very different sort of organization from the Masons in America and other countries. There are two sorts of Italian Masons: the Scottish Rite or Palazzo Giustiniani Masons and the Grand Orient or Piazza del Gesu Masons. The split came some twenty-five years ago when the Scottish Rite Masons refused to back up Crispi in measures that he wished to take against socialist and other unpatriotic groups. Both branches are very secret, wearing no insignia or emblems of any sort; and American Masons who come to Italy in official capacities or for any protracted stay are usually advised never to wear Masonic emblems. The order is supposedly anti-Catholic and anti-Vatican, and theoretically has internationalist leanings. The Masons' attitude toward communism was not particularly satisfactory, and some of the highest men in Nitti's more or less Red Government were Masons.

Now the Fascisti and Mussolini have found favor in the eyes of the Vatican, and the Vatican naturally doesn't care for the Masons. It suddenly occurred to Mussolini, after a number of Masons had reached important posts in the Fascisti organization, that the secret and indissoluble oaths taken by the Masons made them undesirable members of the Fascisti Party, for which there can be only one discipline, one hierarchy and one form of obedience—and that absolute

obedience to the chiefs of Fascism. So the Fascisti Grand Council decided that nobody could be both a Mason and a member of the Fascisti Party. If they wanted to play with the Fascisti, they had to resign from the Masons. Mussolini was determined to be the whole show, even if he had to fight every one in Italy. And only by being the whole show could he complete the regeneration of Italy.

XIV

The club with which Mussolini hopes to obtain final success for himself and his party, and undisputed control over Italy, is the new electoral system which gives the party which polls the most votes in a national election a majority in the Chamber of Deputies.

Under the old proportional representation system of voting in Italy, any one anywhere could start a new political party by merely getting a certain number of signatures to a petition. Each party that entered an election got a percentage of the deputies. For example, the Italian region or voting district of Piedmont has 1,350,000 inhabitants, and is entitled to one deputy for every 75,000 inhabitants, or 18 deputies. Two hundred thousand voters, let us say, do the voting for this district. If the Fascisti polled eighty thousand votes, the Socialists sixty thousand, the Catholics forty thousand and the Liberals twenty thousand, the Fascisti would get 12.5 per cent of the votes and 12.5 per cent of the deputies, or 2.25 deputies. The Socialists would get 15 per cent of the votes and 15 per cent of the deputies, or 2.75 deputies. The Catholics would get 10 per cent of the votes and 10 per cent of the deputies, or 2.00 deputies. The Liberals would get 5 per cent of the votes and 5 per cent of the deputies, or 1.00 deputy. The Communists, who polled only 1,000 votes, would get 0.75 per cent of the votes and 0.75 per cent of the deputies, or 0.125 of a deputy. The result would be that the Fascisti would have 2.25, the Socialists 2.75, the Catholics 2.00, the Liberals 1.00 and the Communists 0.125 of a deputy.

ty thousand, the Fascisti would get eight-twentieths of the eighteen seats, or seven seats, the Socialists six-twentieths or five seats, the Catholics four-twentieths or four seats, and the Liberals two-twentieths or two seats.

Since some sixteen or eighteen parties usually appeared at the Italian elections, the result of all this was a great number of small blocs in the Chamber of Deputies, with no single party that ever had a majority of deputies. Consequently no party could ever push through a program, but could only live by uniting with several other parties and evolving a spineless program, or by following no program at all. Cabinets were always coalition cabinets, and were always being blackmailed by every group in the Chamber. Decent legislation and a stable government were impossible under such conditions; and the Fascisti did not propose that such conditions should continue. Consequently they evolved the following scheme for a new electoral system which shall always insure to the strongest party in Italy a working majority in the Chamber of Deputies:

A party is established by a declaration signed by three thousand voters. Each party registers a pictorial emblem or motto which shall be its distinguishing mark during the elections—this for the benefit of Italy's enormous number of illiterate voters. Each party then presents a list of candidates for each electoral district.

Voters cast two sorts of votes—a party vote and a preferential vote. The party which receives the largest number of votes cast in the entire nation is then awarded two-thirds of the total 535 seats in the Chamber of Deputies; while the other third of the seats are divided among the other parties in proportion to the number of votes cast by them.

By a complicated mathematical process that would make a lightning calculator break into a heavy perspiration, the seats are then distributed among the electoral districts so that each district receives the number of deputies that it should have in order that there may be one deputy for each seventy-five thousand inhabitants. This scheme gives the victorious party a majority, which is an essential of good government; but it is so complicated that it will cause an untold number of brain-storms among the millions of low intelligences and untrained political minds of Italy, and will also set candidates of the same party to fighting each other bitterly, since if one party presents five candidates in a district and only returns two, the two who are returned are those who receive the highest votes out of the five.

Some Italian cynics claim that the Fascisti of mid-1923 are not quite so altruistic and self-forgetful as the earlier Fascisti, and confirm their observation by pointing to the fact that although the Fascisti, if successful in the next election un-

der the new system, couldn't possibly return more than 357 deputies out of the total of 535, there are more than five thousand members of the Fascisti Party who are clamoring to be deputies.

And it might be added as a matter of information, and in no spirit of carping criticism, that when elections take place under the new electoral system, the Black Shirts will be on hand with their pistols, knives and clubs, and see that the Italian people save themselves by giving Mussolini a working majority, whether they want to or not.

XV

Mussolini's dictatorship is a good dictatorship; and a dictatorship in Italy is a national necessity. Those kindly souls in other countries who have never known the joys of successful communism and rampant socialism may speak deprecatingly, pessimistically and indignantly of Mussolini's strong-arm methods; but they are what Italy deserved and must continue to have before she can climb from the hole in which she deliberately sunk herself.

There must of course be an end to individual government of this sort; but nobody can predict the future of Mussolini and the Fascisti Party. Mussolini may last long enough to put Italy on a sound basis, and he may be overthrown by the

politicians and their dupes before his work can be completed. The party may get rid of its discordant elements and maintain a strong position because of the soundness of its common-sense beliefs, or it may fall to pieces through the selfish aspirations of its subordinate leaders. Nobody can say what will come of it except the ouija-board experts and the astronomers, neither of whom is regarded as a reliable source of information.

This much, however, is certain: The rise of Mussolini and the Italian Fascisti should be a lesson to all governments and to all politicians.

In every country there is a silent majority that wants justice and decency and peace and a chance to earn its living without interference. This silent majority will endure—for a certain length of time—weak governments, and fool governments, and governments that waste the taxpayers' money on pork-barrel measures and in foolish and unproductive ways, and governments that cater to a country's worst elements for political reasons.

But since the rise of the Fascisti and since the horrible examples of socialistic and communistic rule that have been given to the world in recent years, no politician in any country capable of producing leaders and patriotic citizens is able to discover the limit of the silent majority's endurance.

The Fascisti showed the world that a nation doesn't have to endure the progressiveness that is based on lies and demagoguery and stupidity and perversity, and that progresses inevitably to communism and its necessary accompaniments of unbearable taxes, poverty, misery, degradation and chaos.

The lesson that they have taught the world is a good one for politicians to paste in their hats and consult frequently when they are tempted to turn radical, forget the best interests of all the people, vote to please flannel-mouthed minorities, support pork-barrel measures and otherwise conform to the standards that make the average man hate politics.

BOOK IV

THE BEER-FASCISTI OF BAVARIA

I

IN certain respects Berlin is the center of Germany. It is the seat of government. There the heads are the squarest, the prices are the highest, the banks are the largest, and the buildings belong to the most violent neo-German school of architecture, which cause the casual visitor to feel as though he had just eaten something indigestible or recently been the recipient of bad news. There is more depravity in Berlin than elsewhere in Germany, more gloom and depression, more of the newly rich offscourings of other races, more of that wild German night life that is about as spontaneous and joyous as a Monday morning in a morgue. In such ways as these Berlin is Germany's heart.

For other important matters, however, one must turn elsewhere in Germany. For the center of Germany's art and sculpture, for example, one must work farther south to fertile Bavaria and nose around in the pleasant city of Munich.

In Munich one finds Germany's best doctors and surgeons and university professors. There, too, one finds cement-headed plotting and foggy intrigue at its very apex. There is always a plot on foot in Munich—either a plot to push France into the Atlantic Ocean or to shove Russia across the Ural Mountains or to shoot somebody or to seize something. In Munich one finds the thickest ankles, the most peculiar garments, the most hair-raising traffic regulations, the largest and most harmless public demonstrations of German annoyance, the wildest rumors, the roundest heads, and the most persistent walkers that one can find in all Germany. And above all else, one finds the largest quantities of beer of the most fascinating flavor that can be found anywhere at all, and a more passionate devotion to the consuming of said beer that exists in any other part of the known world.

It is highly probable that Germans in general and Bavarians in particular will dismiss with a contemptuous exclamation of "*Pfui!*" the statement that beer is at the bottom of many of the peculiar matters that may be observed in Munich and its purlieus. The fact remains, however, that beer plays a more powerful part in the life, customs and activities of the Bavarians than almost anything else.

The Bavarian, for example, remains stolid and unmoved when the price of bread shoots sky-

ward. The doubling, quadrupling and even octupling of train fares, street-car fares, taxi fares and what-not, due to the frequent and nerve-racking nose dives of the German mark, leave him cold. When theater prices and rents and such like matters ascend with a shrill whizzing noise he blinks mildly and contents himself with emitting a phlegmatic South German grumble.

But when the price of beer is increased beyond a point pleasing to the Bavarian he immediately puts on his little felt hat with the shaving brush sticking up angrily from the back of the band, stalks out on the street with his blond mustache working convulsively, and participates in a violent demonstration against the vile and unbearable indignity that has been heaped upon him. True enough, it is the regulation Bavarian demonstration in which several thousand men and women stand in one spot for two or three hours in an orderly and stolid manner, occasionally whispering hoarsely to one another or hurling suppressed guttural commands at their dachshunds when they stray from their sides.

Every Sunday noon the good folk of Munich assemble in a square near the royal palace to listen to the band and to stare at each other with the unintentional rudeness common to South Germany. An ominous silence hangs over the crowded square during the intermissions in the band concert, and the assemblage has all the ear-marks of a first-class Bavarian riot.

The Bavarian Government, however, has developed a flair for distinguishing between demonstrations and ordinary gatherings for social and amusement purposes; and when the citizens of Munich hold demonstrations against unreasonable increases in the price of beer the government cringes and takes action to appease the angry populace. There is an indefinable, subtle, but very potent threat in these demonstrations against expensive beer; and one is forced to conclude that beer is the life blood of Bavaria and especially of Munich.

II

Private advices have recently come out of Russia concerning remarkable experiments carried on by one of the greatest Russian surgeons. One of his experiments had to do with the results of certain teachings and habits on succeeding generations of white mice. He found it very difficult to teach certain things to the original white mice with which he experimented. But finally they learned; and then they reared families; and when the distinguished surgeon undertook to teach the same things to the descendants of the original white mice he found that they learned much more quickly. In the course of time they in turn had descendants, and these descendants learned their lessons in a much shorter time than their parents. And so it went, each generation

learning with greater and greater ease, until finally the surgeon bred white mice who knew the lessons without any teaching at all.

Now it is more than likely that if this same distinguished surgeon were to experiment with white mice and Munich beer for a sufficient length of time he could breed mice whose veins would be at least partly filled with either light or dark beer, depending on the brand that he used for experimental purposes.

This thought is pregnant with possibilities when one considers that the monks who were responsible for the foundation of Munich and for the very name of the city started making Munich beer back in the twelfth century and consuming it in large quantities as a spring tonic and a general remedy for that tired feeling and whatever it was that ailed them. This dark beer became very popular as a medicine throughout the countryside in the springtime, and in the summer, autumn and winter as well, and beer parlors sprang into being with great rapidity. Practically everybody, once he had had a taste of beer, felt the need of a little medicine several times a day; and the average citizen argued that he might be pretty sick if he couldn't have three or four quarts for breakfast, a gallon and a half with his lunch, and a couple of gallons for dinner, with a few pailfuls sopped up whenever he was threatened with weakness or fatigue.

In the beginning the beer was always dark—or *dunkel*, as the Germans say in their peculiar tongue; but after a century of drinking and experimenting and fooling around with this medicinal beverage the Munich monks invented a light—or, in German, *hell*—beer, which could be consumed in even larger quantities than the dark, or *dunkel*, beer.

The introduction of light beer caused a great hubbub in Germany, the protests against it being based on the grounds that the use of beer as a beverage was a perversion of its original medicinal reason for being. Men who had been drinking dark beer all day for its medicinal properties would get into an argument with other men who had been drinking light beer because they were thirsty; and they would sometimes fight for hours with table legs and bung starters before they reached a state of exhaustion which made them careless of the color of the beer that they drank, so long as it was beer.

Eventually, however, the antagonism to light beer died away entirely, and the citizens of Munich gradually took to drinking dark beer for a thirst as well as for a medicine; while those who only drank for medicinal reasons soon came to feel that there were as many curative elements in light beer as in dark.

The point of the matter lies in the fact that the people of Munich and the surrounding coun-

tryside have been soaking up beer steadily for more than seven hundred years. If, in a few generations, white mice can be deeply affected by a habit, more intelligent human beings certainly ought to be more powerfully affected by a habit that has endured for more than seven hundred years.

III

Germany, of course, is the greatest beer country in the world, and Munich is the center of the German beer industry, and the Hofbrau Haus in Munich is the bull's-eye of the beer industry. There are many beer halls and beer gardens in Munich for the dispensation of all the celebrated Munich braus. Some of them are sumptuous and glittering and decorated with all manner of frescoes and wall mottoes and wood carvings and large paintings of large naked women and what not; but none of them is as popular as the Hofbrau Haus, which isn't sumptuous at all, and which caters to every one, from street cleaners, panhandlers, cab drivers and the human dregs of Munich, up to the farmers, the shopkeepers, the bankers and anybody else with a thirst.

The Hofbrau Haus is a veritable heaven for the religious beer drinker. In the old days before the war a liter of beer, which is in the neighborhood of a full quart, used to cost twenty-two pfennigs, or five and three-eighths cents. On the last

occasion when I visited the Hofbrau Haus, in the summer of 1923, two enormous hookers of beer, four large buns and two generous slabs of creamy Emmenthaler cheese figured up to the equivalent of nine and one-half cents. For ninety cents any man on earth could get enough beer at the Hofbrau Haus to distend himself into a perfect sphere.

The Hofbrau Haus is an unpretentious building down a gloomy side-street. The people who built it and run it evidently proceeded on the assumption that those who go there go for the sole purpose of drinking beer; so everything in it is subordinated to the business of beer-drinking.

There are no paintings of large naked women in the German style to take the mind of the drinker from his drink. There are no distractions of any sort. Even the *mädchen* who rush the beer to customers who are disinclined to get it for themselves must apparently be over fifty years of age, and are as solid as though they themselves devoted at least six hours a day to the consumption of the fragrant and fattening hop.

It may be, however, that the age and size of the Hofbrau Haus beer rushers are due entirely to the fact that the physical labor connected with running up and down the floors of the Haus with each hand filled with about twenty pounds of steins and beer is too great for any woman who hasn't outgrown the fragility of youth and who

hasn't the constitution and the endurance of a Percheron or a Clydesdale.

At any rate, one enters the moist dank gloom of the Hofbrau Haus and is confronted by a huge shelf covered with beer receptacles which rejoice in the appropriate name of Mass.

A Mass bears a striking resemblance to a length of sewer pipe, and is made of a similar material.

Just beyond the Mass shelf is an enormous horse trough into which streams of water fall with a musical tinkle reminiscent of a fire hose playing against a cellar door.

One helps himself to a Mass and then stands in front of the horse trough in a puddle of water and washes off the Mass under one of the cataracts. In so doing one slops water all over one's self and on to the floor, adding to the size of the puddles which extend off into the distance and give the entrance a sort of Mazurian Lake or Great Dismal Swamp effect.

Having washed the Mass, one steps forward two steps and hands it to the barkeeper, who fills it up and slides it back, whereupon one sets off for the main room of the Haus to hunt a seat.

The main room is about the size of a convention hall. It has a low ceiling, so that the atmosphere is held down close to the floor. Oblong tables flanked with benches stretch off into the distant haze, and every square inch of every

bench is thoroughly occupied by Bavarians young and old, thick and thin. Every Bavarian has a sewer pipe, or Mass, before him, and most of them also occupy themselves by toying with long china pipes, sections of sausage or smoked eel, fragments of cheese, bad German cigarettes or worse German cigars. As a result the atmosphere is so violent that one can readily imagine that it could be hacked out with an ax, baled and sold for old rags or fertilizer.

In odd spots throughout the hall little groups of serious drinkers indulge in song fests under the evident impression that they are melodious and harmonious, which they are not. This form of activity goes on continually from eight o'clock in the morning until midnight, both in the large down-stairs convention hall and in similar commodious rooms up-stairs.

Some of the drinkers arrive between eight and nine o'clock in the morning and by sundry clever ruses manage to avoid leaving—and thus losing—their seats until midnight.

It is difficult to get the exact figures on the amount of beer consumed in the Hofbrau Haus each day; but it is generally believed that if placed in one receptacle, one of the new six-thousand-ton English submarines could do a crash dive in it to a depth of at least thirty yards.

The courtyard of the Hofbrau Haus is a pleasant place in which to spend a sunny after-

noon. Chestnut trees are scattered around it; and under the trees are ranged large beer kegs. Parties of four or five echt, or genuine, Bavarians, with shaved heads and shaving-brush hats are fond of rolling a number of kegs together, filling their mouths with Emmenthaler cheese and bread, and then elevating their brimming sewer pipes and bursting into *Hoch, Hoch, Dreimal Hoch!* or some similar German drinking song, spraying each other with cheese during the operation.

One who listens to five or six of these choruses ringing out at one and the same time is at once convinced of three things, to wit: That the people who hold that one can not become intoxicated on beer are crazy; that the prevalence of singing societies in Germany is due to the desire of the people to make life more bearable by training the German voices; and that the close harmony in which so many of us used to indulge in our beer-drinking college days must have been lots worse than we ever imagined at the time.

Around the courtyard are ranged tables at which entire German families, from the father and mother down through the aunt, the five children and the two cousins, to Putzi the hund, gather and sop up sewer pipes of beer. The dog gets bread soaked in beer, while the children take the beer straight.

One of the mysterious things about the Hof-

brau Haus is the manner in which the beer mädelchens, through the development of a sixth sense, are able to pick up eight empty sewer pipes in each hand, take them away and fill them, and later return them to their proper owners. All the sewer pipes look alike, but if one puts a private mark on his mug he will inevitably get it back again.

Munich and every other Bavarian city and the entire Bavarian countryside are littered with beer cellars and halls and gardens, all of them Hofbrau Hauses in miniature, and have been so littered for nearly seven hundred years. Necessarily the Bavarians have been greatly influenced by beer.

IV

There is a vast amount of mildness and blandness and pleasantness and contentment among the people of Bavaria, seemingly due to the fact that they get plenty of beer. There is also a great deal of unrest and nervousness and irritability among them; and this, again, appears to be due to the basic fact that most of them usually have a few quarts of suds churning around in their interiors. This apparent anomaly may be explained in the following way: The large placid Bavarians sit around, consuming their mighty scuttles of Lowenbrau or Hofbrau or Pschorr-brau or Franziskanerbrau or Hackerbrau or

Augustinerbrau or any of the many other braus that are so skilfully braued in Bavaria; and when they are sufficiently impregnated with the fragrant hop they are inclined to sympathize with almost any one who is able to scream for sympathy with sufficient vigor. A Bavarian who is full of an evening's accumulation of his favorite brau will frequently burst into tears over the most trivial occurrences, such as the partly successful rendition of a song by his companions, or the agonized yelp of a dog that has been inadvertently but enthusiastically stepped on by his unsteady master.

When, therefore, a politician or an ex-general or a flannel-mouthed German orator becomes inflamed by beer and feels obliged to rise to his feet and find fault with the world in general, all the other Bavarian beer-drinkers give him freely of their sympathy. Anything goes with the beer-drinkers at such times. If the orator howls that Bavaria is the center of the world's culture and ability, and that the world should therefore be ruled by Bavaria, the beer-drinkers pound the table with their fists, hiccup openly, and agree vociferously that the speaker has given tongue to the wisdom of Solomon.

If the orator bellows that the Prussians are a gang of robbers and that everything is wrong and that the Bavarians aren't getting a square deal and that something ought to be done about

it, the beer-drinkers cheer enthusiastically and roll home, growling hoarsely that steps ought to be taken at once.

They will hold demonstrations for this, that and the other thing, and they will march and countermarch and issue guttural commands to each other for days on end in pursuance of their favorite sport of belonging to bunds and bands and corps and vereins and schütze and all the other semimilitary organizations to which the Bavarians love to belong; but when it comes to emerging from behind the lace curtains and participating in any genuine fighting in which he may receive a steel-jacketed bullet through almost any section of the body, the Bavarian wants a better reason than the beer-inspired howlings of a demagogue or a retired officer.

In November, 1918, when the whole German army collapsed, a handful of rabid communists headed by one Kurt Eisner began to tear up and down the streets of Munich, discharging revolvers and inserting themselves forcibly into government offices. The Munich burghers, however, remained excessively cool and cautious, as is their wont, and contented themselves with looking placidly out from behind their blinds at the rampings and cavortings of the Reds. Consequently the communists had a chance to practise their ripe and moldy theories on Bavaria; and as is always the case when communists and radi-

eals get a hand on the tiller, they promptly proceeded to run the ship of state on the rocks.

Nearly a year elapsed before the Bavarians were able to pull themselves together sufficiently to unite a number of their patriotic societies and beer-drinking associations and shooting clubs into a strong home guard, which went by the name of Einwohnerwehr, and smite the Reds in the more tender portions of their body politic.

The smiting was highly effective when it finally materialized, and Eisner was shot by an irritated young nobleman who is now expiating his crime by serving a five-year sentence on a large estate where he can't do anything except hunt, fish, read, dance, entertain his friends, drink beer and champagne, and receive gifts and notes from his grateful admirers.

All the other Reds and Pinks in Munich were run to earth by the Einwohnerwehr; and they got about what was coming to them, which was quite a great deal, to put it conservatively.

The Einwohnerwehr was organized and directed by a gentleman named Escherich, who held the position of national forester in the Bavarian State. He has the reputation of being an honest and patriotic man, and a good organizer, and he had the confidence of the Bavarian people. His Einwohnerwehr, being strong, well disciplined and well armed, would probably have resulted in giving Bavaria a strong and sound government.

It was, however, too large and too well armed to continue to exist under the terms of the Peace Treaty; so in mid-1921 it was ordered to disband by the Council of Ambassadors. This it did, after some months of hedging and stalling in what is now recognized as the typical German manner.

It might be added that practically all the Americans and English in Bavaria, no matter how violent their general dislike of Germany may be, unite in saying that without the formation of the Einwohnerwehr in 1919 as an offset to Bolshevism, all Bavaria and the surrounding states as well would have boiled up into a most frightful and evil-smelling communistic mess. They also agree that the disbanding of the Einwohnerwehr was a mistake, and a severe setback to order and good government.

At any rate, when the Einwohnerwehr disbanded it split up into its old original component parts, which were all sorts of vereins and bunds and bands. There were hundreds of them. Anybody who, after four or five enormous schopps of beer, was able to stand steadily on his feet and discourse logically on any subject, almost automatically became the leader of a verein. Whenever there were two men in a verein who were able to do this they inevitably began to differ with each other after the third or fourth stein; and when they differed, one of them would withdraw from the verein and start a verein of his

own. Bavarian politics became as intricate and mixed up and messy and opaque as a bowlful of cooked spaghetti. There speedily came to be so many bunds, bands, vereins, blocs, corps and what-nots that the members couldn't keep them straight and frequently developed violent headaches because of the difficulty of remembering to which vereins they belonged.

It was this state of affairs which permitted the rise to prominence of Adolf Hitler, erstwhile stonemason and top sergeant in the German army, and founder and head of the Bavarian National Socialist Workers' Party.

V

The Bavarian National Socialist Workers' Party is known as the Bavarian Fascisti, and it bears almost the same relation to Mussolini's Italian Fascisti that a last year's duck's egg bears to a golf ball. Bavarian Fascism is beer Fascism, and therefore near-Fascism. Nor is it so very near, either. It is just about as near as is near-beer.

In this connection it might be added that the same thing is true in a number of other countries—Poland, for example, and France and Hungary and Norway and Sweden—where various deluded souls have evolved the idea that they are Mussolinis and that they are heading Fascisti

movements. They are heading them against nothing in particular, and have as much chance of being Mussolinis as they have of being William Shakespeares or Henry Fords.

Hitler is an ordinary sort of person in many ways, and in other ways he isn't so ordinary. He has, for example, an intense aversion to having his picture taken; but when, at the beginning of his career as a beer-Fascist, an American newspaperman was importuning him for a photograph, he is reported to have announced through one of his advisers that he could overcome his aversion to such things for fifteen hundred dollars.

On another occasion, when an English newspaperman was seeking an interview with him, he was told that the interview could be arranged if he would contribute twenty-five dollars to the funds of the National Socialist Workers' Party.

He also has an idea that he is a sort of reincarnation of Frederick the Great—an idea which will probably cause the bones of Frederick the Great to rattle noisily in their tomb if they ever get wind of it.

As a talker, however, Hitler could easily win the diamond-studded belt if there were an annual official gabfest in southern Germany. He is particularly exciting to the fluent beer-drinkers of Bavaria; and whenever he takes a firm stand on the top of a keg or a table in any German beer

garden, hall or cellar and points the finger of scorn at everything in sight, every beer-drinker in the audience pounds the table violently and coughs out the German equivalent for "By golly, he's right!" Wherever he speaks he arouses intense enthusiasm; but most students of Bavarian life and manners believe that it is a pure beer enthusiasm, which permits hearty cheering for the subjects under discussion but no fighting for them.

Hitler and his party evolved some twenty-seven demands or articles of faith, which were printed in a small blue pamphlet and distributed among the faithful. At the close of the articles of faith was the simple but pregnant statement that the party chiefs "promise, in case of need, to sacrifice their own lives and skins for the realization of these demands."

The use of the word "skins" is believed to be metaphorical.

Back of Hitler's anticommunist activity was the moss-covered and moth-eaten—but widespread—European theory that there is an international conspiracy on foot among the Jews to control the world, and that the communist movement and Bolshevism are entirely Jewish and a part of the fight for world control.

All Hitler's supporters, once they got started on this subject, frothed at the mouth with rage and quoted the names of Jewish leaders who have

come to the front in Europe since the war, cited the names of the Jewish bankers who made millions out of the war, and claimed passionately that while all the Germans and Austrians and Hungarians and Poles and so on fought and suffered and lost all their money during the war, the Jews in every country became wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice.

This argument would have had a better chance if there weren't so many millions of poverty-stricken Jews in Europe, and if fewer Germans had banked money in England and America since the war.

The demands of Hitler and his party included the union of all Germans, whether located in Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia or other adjoining countries, into a Great Germany on the basis of President Wilson's plea for the self-determination of peoples; the suppression of the treaties of Versailles and St. Germain; the wrecking of France by any means whatever; colonies for the surplus population of Germany; the refusal of citizenship to Jews; special legislation for foreigners; a complete stoppage of all non-German immigration and the expulsion of all non-Germans who have entered Germany subsequent to August 2, 1914; the confiscation by the state of all war profits; the nationalization of trusts; old-age pensions; communalization of all great warehouses; the passage of a law for the appropria-

tion of land for common purposes; the abolition of ground rent and the prohibition of land speculation; an extension of the scope of national education, and the education of all talented children, whether rich or poor, at national expense; state care of mothers and children, and compulsory athletics for the young; state control of the press, and the prohibition of foreign ownership of German publications.

There were several other demands on Hitler's list, including a few that have never been made public. In fact, whenever he thought of anything new to demand he demanded it. Demands don't cost anything; and the good Bavarian burghers liked to hear him demanding things after they had downed a flock of beers. And the idea behind the multifarious demands was not a bad one, said idea being that every one who heard Hitler would agree with at least one of the demands, and therefore fall in line behind him.

Being not only a loud demander but a loud threatener as well, Hitler naturally attracted to himself all the tough nuts and the hard-boiled eggs and the rough diamonds of Bavaria and particularly of Munich. When Hitler stood up and barked at the existing government and called it by the meanest German names in or out of the dictionary, all the hard-boiled eggs slapped each other on the back and said, "Aha! Here is the boy for us!" And they promptly signed up with Hitler.

And out of the hundreds of vereins and corps and bunds that had been deprived of central leadership with the disbanding of the Einwohnerwehr, all the extremist societies gathered under Hitler's banners.

As the roughneck organizations joined Hitler they automatically attracted still rougher elements, until this ostensibly anti-communistic party presented the strange spectacle of being well peppered with communists.

At the beginning some of the milder and more conservative corps and vereins had supported Hitler because they figured that if the moment ever came to push Prince Rupprecht back on the Bavarian throne and take charge of the German Empire they would be able to use Hitler and his storm troops for their own ends. But as the violent elements flocked in greater and greater numbers to Hitler the conservative Bavarians soon began to realize that although they might be able to control Hitler himself if they needed him, they would never be able to control his wild-headed, desperate followers. Consequently, the conservative and level-headed element deserted him entirely—though any one that was half stewed on beer would give him a rousing cheer at any old time.

So Hitler's Bavarian Fascisti, after attempting to convey to every one the idea that they were engaged in leading Bavaria into the blind-

ing white light of moral and political perfection, proceeded on a platform of "Hang the Jews, shoot the foreigners, and nationalize property when the time is ripe"; and they enjoyed themselves tremendously while keeping in training for the arduous task that lay before them.

Their most popular recreation was to go out for a Sunday *Ausflug*, or jaunt, which was usually mentioned in the secretive Munich papers as being of a sporting and social nature.

As is well known, the German idea of sport frequently fails to conform with that of other nations, and the sporting life of the Bavarian Fascisti will probably never become popular with week-end parties in America.

This sporting or social interlude was participated in by two or three or four thousand so-called *Sturmtruppen*, or storm troops, most of them clad in a frowzy-looking pale-greenish-gray uniform and the familiar tin hat of the old German army, and armed with revolvers and the *Gummiknöchel*, or flexible steel club covered with rubber. The latter is a highly effective weapon of defense, and is warranted to send the most square-headed person in the world to sleep for an indefinite period when bent lightly across the top of the skull. It is, of course, a very sporting and social article.

These Green Shirts of Hitler furthermore had motor-lorries and Red Cross attendants, and car-

ried the official Hitler standard, which is a black swastika—known in Bavaria as a *Hakenkreuz*—on a red background.

Thus arrayed and decorated, the Bavarian Fascisti sportively lined up in military array, marched ten or fifteen miles into the country until they reached a likely terrain, and then proceeded to march, countermarch, issue hoarse orders, discipline each other, kick dust up each other's backs, dream, hope, conspire, plot, and otherwise have a full day of South German sport and social activity.

For a time the Hitlerites had other minor recreations. The Hitler storm troops were greatly given to putting on their uniforms in the cool of the evening and marching into the Munich cafés, beer gardens and restaurants in a sporting manner. They would eject all the Jews that they were able to locate, speak harshly to any person who wasn't speaking German, and order the orchestras to play patriotic airs. As restaurant fighters they were very daring and effective.

By way of helping the good work along, the socialists, who didn't care for the anti-Semitic activities of the Hitlerites, organized storm troops of their own and frequently followed the Hitlerites when they emerged from the beer gardens after one of these recreational visits. Then there would be a pleasant fracas in the street, during which a number of socialists and Hitler-

ites would dent each other's heads with *Gummiknöchel*, while the Bavarians back in the beer garden resumed their beer-drinking in peace and contentment.

VI

It is entirely within the bounds of reason that a movement calling itself the Fascisti movement might overturn the existing government and seize the reins of power in any country; but it may be regarded as certain that if the movement were not one of truth, directness and common sense, it would be no better than the government it replaced, and it would probably be worse.

Hitler, in Bavaria, chose to put the blame for Bavaria's troubles—which he proposed to rectify—on the Jews. By so doing he showed that he was using common sense in his Fascisti movement in the same proportion that a good cook uses powdered glass in making fudge.

Hitler—in common with sundry other near-Fascisti leaders in Central Europe—argued that the war was conceived and started by Jewish bankers, and that its long duration was due to the same cause. This theory is borne out by facts in the same manner that facts bear out the theory that the earth is flat and doesn't revolve on its axis.

In order to obtain as large a following as possible, Hitler advocated all sorts of changes and

reforms which appealed to all sorts of people, but which could not further the general welfare in any way. These are the tactics of the demagogue and the blatherskite; and such tactics are the ones that any genuine Fascisti movement must attack and destroy. If Hitler had started his movement in Italy, the mere fact that he howled for government ownership of this, that and the other thing would have been sufficient to cause Mussolini's common-sense battalions to give him the castor-oil cure.

There was one great common-sense movement for Hitler to support in Germany. If he had announced that Germany must of necessity be troubled and in turmoil until she paid the reparations to which France was entitled and which Germany owed, he would have been talking common sense. Such talk, however, wouldn't have been popular in the circles in which Hitler moved; so he was unable to inject any common sense into his movement.

All the countries of the world, including America, are troubled by amateur Mussolinis who are only like Mussolini in that they would like to run everything in sight. They are not honest; they are not direct; and their brand of common sense is the same sort that one might expect to find in the inmates of an asylum for the violently insane.

CONSTITUTION BUSTERS

BOOK V

CONSTITUTION BUSTERS

I

IN the long run, it is not considered good form for an individual or an organization to claim to be something that it isn't. The reporter who accepts money or favors from a faction concerning which he is supposed to be reporting the facts ceases to be a reporter and becomes a propagandist. If he continues with any success to claim to be a reporter, he misleads his readers, which doesn't do anybody any good. The brokerage firm that advertises itself as dealing in investment securities, and then hornswoggles its customers into putting their money in fake oil stock or worthless radio companies which are neither investments nor securities, is guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses—which is regarded as very bad form indeed. The individual who falsely claims to be a graduate of Podunk University, and who borrows money from Podunk alumni on the strength of his claim, is usually

thought to be better off in jail. The increasing complexities of our civilization—complexities like a rapidly increasing population and the consequent increase in the number of suckers who believe everything they hear—make it constantly easier for masqueraders and false prophets to find supporters. This fact, however, does not alter the truth of our original hypothesis—that it is bad form for an individual or an organization to travel under false colors.

The United States is supplied, as every successful nation should be, with two major political parties. These parties, for reasons which are almost lost in the mists of antiquity, are known as the Democratic and the Republican Party. If the two parties were to live up to their names, the Democratic Party would be working to make the United States into a pure democracy, ruled by the direct vote of the people in all things and subject to the turbulence and follies of mob rule; while the Republican Party would be working to keep the people of America faithful to the conservative ideals and principles of the founders of the American Republic, who provided the country with a Constitution which carefully limited popular government in an effort to safeguard the nation from the same turbulence and folly of mob rule.

As a matter of fact, the principles of the Democratic Party and the Republican Party are

about as widely separated as are two different brands of round, smelly, imported cheese. That is to say, they aren't separated at all. Some people like the first brand of cheese because they think it has a less offensive odor than the second brand. Other people are addicted to the second brand, and claim that the odor of the first brand is strong enough to knock a person over. It's all a matter of taste; and to the person with an uncultivated taste, both cheeses are equally overpowering.

Not only are the Democratic Party and the Republican Party as alike as two ripe cheeses, but each party is daily guilty of taking money under false pretenses in that it obliges its conservative members to vote for outrageously radical men and measures in some localities and—less frequently—forces its wild-eyed socialistically inclined members to vote for reactionary men and measures in other localities. If a man tries to escape from his obnoxious party by jumping into the other party, he will find himself similarly sickened by being obliged to support somebody or something that he hates. There is literally nowhere that he can jump. Each political party claims to stand for something. Actually it stands for nothing—or rather, it stands for anything. Thus it travels under false colors—a proceeding which almost everybody, except crooks and some politicians, regards as poor form.

A delightful example of this lack of principle was observed in North Dakota, where the regular Republican candidate for the senatorial nomination in 1922 was defeated in the primaries by Lynn J. Frazier, the irregular candidate, who had the backing of Arthur Townley, chief mover in the notorious and communistic Non-Partisan League. Frazier and Townley stand for State Socialism throughout—the socialization of the telegraphs, the telephones, the insurance business, the railroads, power plants and mines of all sorts; for state ownership of cold storage plants, stockyards, grain elevators and flour mills; for heavy taxes on the rich and no taxes whatever on those whose homes or farms are small; for the socialization, in short, of \$100,000,000,000 of private property. Since their regular candidate was defeated, the Republican leaders in North Dakota promptly endorsed Frazier for United States Senator; so that North Dakota Republicans, if they wished to continue being Republicans, were obliged to throw their votes for a man whose every effort would be devoted to furthering the doctrines of the Non-Partisan league.

II

Of late years the nation's political flabbiness and lack of principle have been aggravated by organized and aggressive minorities who have dis-

covered that when they scream loudly enough and long enough for certain things, their screams are mistaken by senators and representatives for nation-wide demands. Having no definite principles to uphold, our legislators first frame laws to meet the desires of one organized minority, and then they frame more laws to meet the desires of another organized minority, after which they devote themselves busily to framing still more laws to appease the ear-splitting howls of every other organized minority that has a howl in its system.

Such a state of affairs is, in a way, an embryonic form of the Bolshevik uprising in Russia. The Bolsheviks were—and are—a small but very well organized minority. They knew exactly what they wanted, and they knew exactly where they proposed to apply the axe in order to get it. Their opponents lacked leadership, vision and backbone. They knew they were going to be struck, but they never made up their minds which way to dodge, or how to return the initial blow with a violent and effective wallop. As a result, one hundred and fifty million people were overwhelmed and wrecked by an aggressive minority of little more than half a million Bolsheviks, governing by means of the most offensive centralized bureaucracy that the world has ever seen.

The student of political science learns at an

early date that bureaucracy is "the only form of government for which the philosopher can find no defense," and that "Republicanism and bureaucracy are incompatible existences."

In order that there may be no mistake as to the exact nature of a bureaucracy, its definition in a standard work of reference is: "Government by bureaus; specifically, excessive multiplication of, and concentration of power in, administrative bureaus. The principle of bureaucracy tends to official interference in many of the properly private affairs of life, and to the inefficient and obstructive performance of duty through minute subdivision of functions, inflexible formality and pride of place."

Now the government of the United States has reached a point where it shows signs of maintaining people in Washington to run everything in sight, from the greatest ocean liners to the amount of pap that shall be fed to babies at five o'clock in the afternoon. It has been building steel and marble and concrete office buildings in every part of Washington for its rapidly growing army of workers. Government bureaus and commissions are hived up in many privately-owned office buildings all over the city. The government architect has the plans for one hundred and thirty-two more buildings that are sorely needed for the housing of the employees of the world's great business.

In short, a determined investigator would have to dig and delve assiduously for six or eight months in order to uncover all of the countless activities in which the army of government employees in Washington is engaged.

III

Among these activities, for example, are the recording and supervising of the dealings of the United States Government with Latin America, western Europe, the Far East, the Near East, Mexico and Russia, together with the noting and the cataloguing of all things happening or supposed to happen in these sections of the world, from the number of goose-livers in Bavaria and the number of throne-claimants in Hungary to the varieties of fish caught in the purlieus of the Island of Yap and the amount of trousers worn by the natives of the Chersonese.

Passports of American citizens are attended to in Washington; the diplomatic and the consular services are run and regulated; internal revenue taxes are listed, investigated, collected and what-not; the internal revenue laws and the national prohibition laws are more or less enforced; all mints and assay offices of the United States are supervised. Erudite and canny financiers toy with the outstanding balances of bonds of the District of Columbia, the Philippine Islands, the

City of Manila, the City of Cebu, and Porto Rican gold loans. Men who are complete masters of the multiplication table supervise the operation of national farm loan associations, joint-stock land banks, and the twelve Federal land banks.

In Washington are designed, engraved, printed and finished all moneys and securities of the government, among which may be respectfully mentioned United States notes, bonds, certificates of indebtedness, national bank notes, Federal reserve notes, Federal reserve bank currency; internal revenue, postage, war-savings, thrift and customs stamps; Treasury warrants, Treasury drafts and checks, disbursing officers' checks, licenses, passports, commissions, patent and pension certificates, portraits of deceased members of Congress and other public officers authorized by law, and all postage stamps, moneys and securities authorized by the Bureau of Insular Affairs for the insular possessions of the government.

Here are studied all the diseases of man, including anthrax, pink-eye, botulism, pellagra, pip, pneumonia, trachoma and the heaves. Careful attention is paid to child, school, mental and industrial hygiene, rural sanitation and everything else affecting or liable to affect the health of the people of the United States. Here is superintended, supervised and administered the Revenue

Cutter Service, the Life Saving Service, the work of architecting, constructing, rebuilding or repairing public buildings in the various states, all matters relating to the Army and the Navy, all the legal business of the United States, and the entire Federal Postal service, together with all the press-agent work in connection with all of them.

Large and beautiful office buildings are filled to overflowing with the workers engaged in more or less arduous labors in connection with the General Land Office, the Reclamation Service, the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Mines, the Indian Tribes of the United States, the Patent Office, Pensions, Education, the National Park Service, the Capitol Building and grounds, various hospitals and charitable institutions in the District of Columbia, the reindeer industry in Alaska, vocational training, the building and operation of Alaskan railroads, and the adjustment of claims filed for losses incurred in producing manganese, chrome, pyrites or tungsten during the war.

Groups of earnest workers study the economic problems of the farmer, the weather in all its varying moods, live stock, both sound and diseased, dairying, plant life, the national forests, foods and drugs, soils, fertilizers; bugs, useful and useless; bug killers; birds, wild and not so wild; mammals, and anything else that will stand

still long enough to be studied. Other groups attend to the publication of farm bulletins, prepare movies for farmers, investigate roads, irrigation, drainage and what-not, and garner and disseminate palpitating facts dealing with agricultural products of all sorts at every stage of their journey from the seed or the egg to the consumer's mouth.

In Washington other hordes of government employees administer the Lighthouse Service, the Alaskan fur-seal and salmon fisheries, the laws relating to merchant vessels and seamen, the taking of the census, the making of coast and geodetic surveys, and the collecting of statistics relating to foreign and domestic commerce. Armies of them attend to the preparation, publication and distribution of the enormous mass of printed matter handled by the Government Printing Office; they acquire and diffuse great quantities of more or less useful information having to do with labor in its relation to capital; the hours of labor, the earnings of laboring men and women, and everything else that anybody can think of in relation to labor; they administer the immigration laws; they investigate and report on all matters relating to child-life; they administer the naturalization laws; they formulate standards and policies to promote the welfare, working conditions and efficiency of wage-earning women.

There are more government bureaus and com-

missions and boards and corporations than the most accomplished stick-shaker can shake a stick at. There is the Bureau of American Ethnology, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the United States Railroad Labor Board, the Civil Service Commission, the United States Bureau of Efficiency, the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the United States Shipping Board, the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, the United States Railroad Administration, the United States Council of National Defense, the War Finance Corporation, the United States Veterans' Bureau, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the Board of Road Commissioners for Alaska, the Commission on Navy Yards and Naval Stations, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the International Joint Commission, the International Boundary Commission for the United States and Canada, the International Boundary Commission for the United States and Mexico, the Board of Surveys and Maps of the Federal Government, the United States section of the Inter-American High Commission, the Federal Power Commission, the United States Geographic Board, the Commission of Fine Arts, the Federal Narcotics Control Board, and sundry others.

Vienna, the capital of old Austria-Hungary, had a population of some two and a quarter mil-

lion, chiefly due to the vast army of bureaucrats and government employees required to carry on the business of the Austro-Hungarian empire. The United States is a greater empire than Austria-Hungary ever dreamed of being; and it is well on its way to being an infinitely greater bureaucracy. Soon, if the plans of several distinguished and powerful senators are realized—and there is every likelihood that they will eventually be realized—hundreds of additional bureaus and tens of thousands of additional employees will begin to function in Washington.

There will be bureaus for the administration of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, the Union Pacific Railroad, the York Harbor & Beach Railroad, the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, the Southern Pacific Railroad, and all the other railroads of this fair—or fairly fair, as it will then be—land.

There will be other bureaus and other tens of thousands of employees to administer the telephone companies, the water power companies and the mines.

There will be bureaus to regulate and equalize the earnings of moving-picture actors, dentists, authors, automobile manufacturers, dog-breeders, newspaper paragraphers, steeple-jacks, gold-fish fanciers and every other variety of worker.

There will be bureaus to regulate every ac-

tivity, pursuit and calling not now regulated by a bureau, with the single exception of the bureaus themselves.

There is no reason at all why, if Vienna had a population of two and a quarter million in 1913, Washington shouldn't have a population of three million by 1953—no reason, that is to say, except the progression of the country to the bursting-point, due to the hot air of the government-interference and government-ownership faddists and fanatics, something after the fashion of the over-progression of a toy balloon due to an overdose of warm air from the lungs of its immature and injudicious owner.

IV

Since all the activities of the government are being concentrated in Washington, every organization in the country that has anything to gain or to lose because of the government's activity or inactivity, has sent or is preparing to send representatives to Washington to establish national headquarters in order to keep track of legislation in which the organization is interested, and to point out to Congress with a rude and insistent forefinger the weak spots in its thought or action.

The National Chamber of Commerce, which occupies a large office building located almost in

the lap of the State, War & Navy Building, may be found pointing rudely at legislation which is abhorrent to the business men of the country. The American Federation of Labor occupies another building and indicates with similar vigor the measures that give the working man a pain—these measures usually being the ones that the National Chamber of Commerce advocates.

The National Council for the Reduction of Armaments emits shrieks of agony at the size of our Army and Navy; an association of churches seeks to embroil the United States in a war with Turkey because of its sympathy for the Greeks; the Anti-Saloon League pushes dry legislation while wet legislators burst into raucous howls of protest; the National League of Women Voters brings pressure to bear for measures which it considers desirable; the Navy League can prove that the Navy is on the verge of ruin; the National Security League and the National Defense League have the figures to show that the National Council for the Reduction of Armaments is suffering from warped perception; the National Association of Manufacturers can demonstrate that what the country needs is more immigration; the Immigration Restriction League can prove conclusively that the country needs less immigration; the National Board of Farm Organizations wants the farmer helped, no matter what happens to any one else; and so it goes. These are the rep-

resentatives of the organized minorities that are running the country. Some of them are good, and some of them are very, very bad.

Some statisticians have figured that thirteen per cent. of the increased cost of commodities in this country is due to the profit that must be made in order to maintain all these different national associations in Washington. Like most statisticians, they are probably wrong; but that is how they figure it.

The further the government sticks its nose into the activities of the people, the more organizations send representatives to Washington to influence legislation. If a restless New England senator were to bring in a bill demanding the regulation of laundries that put saw-tooth edges on hard collars, the National Association of Laundrymen would probably organize and open offices in Washington on the following day.

If a representative, infuriated at being unable to find a space in which to park his automobile, were to bring in a bill demanding the regulation of the number of small tin automobiles that could be sold in any one month, Washington would instantly be overrun with National Associations of Garage Owners, Gasoline Retailers, Automobile Agents, Carburetor Inventors, Accessory Dealers, Tin Workers and so on, all busily engaged in occupying expensive offices, drawing commodious salaries and threatening every

legislator who opposed their wishes with ignominious and overwhelming defeat.

As the government's nose penetrates further and further into the people's activities with each succeeding day, the representatives of the organized minorities keep pace with the increase of government employees in the new bureaus, and the United States approaches closer and closer to being a perfect bureaucracy governed entirely by organized minorities.

V

Some of the loudest and most persistent of the organized minorities that have been operating in this country for the last few years have been those that have little use for the Constitution of the United States, for state's rights as guaranteed by the Constitution, for community government or for state government, or for individual liberty and freedom.

The founders of this country had certain definite ideas, prominent among which was the idea that God helps him who helps himself. The United States did not reach its present commanding position because its early settlers and lawmakers were led tenderly over to this country, and catered to by a lot of paid agents, pushed into soft jobs, and wrapped in cotton wool when they pounded their fingers or were dissat-

isfied with their wages. They fought their way over here, and they fought to hold their homes when they got here. Life in America was a life of fierce competition—of competition with nature and of competition with other men. Men who were brought up under such conditions were men of courage and men of convictions. Families were strong enough and energetic enough and proud enough to bring up their own children without any sort of government interference. The citizens of a town were mentally capable of solving their own problems without calling on the state for assistance. The state was able to meet its difficulties without bursting into tears and taking its bruises to the Great White Father at Washington to be kissed. Only the Indian was so incompetent in the gentle art of self-rule that he had to be closely supervised by the Federal Government; and the Indian isn't lasting well.

The leaders of the American people were true leaders, with vision and backbone. Organized minorities lacked the power to make them shiver with fear, or even to indulge in the slightest internal quiver of alarm. If the leaders of organized minorities were murderers or inciters to murder, those rude and independent leaders didn't invite them to lunch, or discuss their sins with them in prolonged conferences. They stuck out their jaws, rolled up their sleeves and announced grimly that the hanging would take place

at sunrise if necessary in the support of law and order. The fact that the hanging might ruin a voter or two didn't affect their judgment in the least. They were interested in principles and not in votes.

Things are different nowadays. Of late years the United States, lacking the vision and the common sense to see the inevitable results of such criminal folly, has admitted the cheapest of Europe's immigrants by the million. Because of their training, their environment and their heredity, the bulk of these people have been incapable of grasping our principles of government. They form unsavory cross-sections of Europe scattered through the country, in which flower such fragrant and essentially made-in-Europe samples of brutality, cowardice, mental depravity and barbarity as the Herrin murders. With this cheap immigration has come great quantities of cheap foreign thought that had its origin in the minds of men whose ideas and ideals were as far removed from those of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Adams and the other founders of the Republic as a lemon is removed from the sun. This cheap foreign thought may be found in and behind the writings of the German socialist leaders, Marx and Engels, traced through the ravings of their apostles and successors and located in the more recent outpourings of the Bolshevik leaders, Lenine, Lunacharsky

and Madame Kollontai. It has found a fertile resting-place in the minds of demagogues, in the minds of poorly balanced and half-baked youths who grow hysterical between their thirtieth and fortieth cigarettes over any worthless and untried scheme to relieve every man of his normal burden of responsibility and work, in the minds of the restless children of recent immigrants whose sole political heritage, as a result of centuries of real or fancied oppression, is the desire to destroy the existing government, and in the minds of those fanatics, faddists and visionaries who snatch up and play with ancient or renovated socialistic schemes as their less harmful brothers pick up and toy with bizarre religions or fool with quack theories for reducing weight without any of the unpleasantnesses that must go with sane weight-reduction.

Having absorbed a sufficient amount of cheap foreign thought, these enthusiastic people imbue other people with their enthusiasms and form organized minorities which make concerted and often successful drives on Congress to have their fads and visions made into laws.

The goal toward which these people are working—though most of them would probably deny the accusation indignantly, and firmly believe that they were justified in their denials—is a paternalistic, socialistic, communistic United States of America, in which there shall be no more gov-

ernment by the people through wise leaders selected by them, as provided by the Constitution, but a government by laws through an enormous number of bureaus centralized in the capital, as practised in Soviet Russia.

VI

Bearing in mind the two axioms that bureaucracy is the only form of government for which the philosopher can find no defense, and that Republicanism and bureaucracy are incompatible existences, let us turn for a moment to a few well-chosen words delivered in the House of Representatives on April 11, 1922, by Dr. Caleb R. Layton, the one representative from the State of Delaware.

“There are more than two hundred fifty different commissions and bureaus of the Federal Government already in existence,” says Doctor Layton. “They comprehend every sort of human activity in art, science and administrative power, including forestry, agriculture, horticulture, mechanics, chemistry, biology, the whole field of medicine, including investigations both in human and animal diseases. In fact, there is nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, nor the waters under the earth which is not comprehended in the activities of some government agency. If some midnight dyspeptic idealist as

he lies awake thinks he has discovered some new idealistic good which he deems to be for the betterment of mankind, he immediately proceeds to draft a bill creating a new bureau under the Federal Government for the purpose of carrying his newly discovered idea into effect. . . .

“It is inevitable that the extension of bureaucratic government will destroy the energies, and therefore the liberties of the people. It is inevitable that the more bureaucratic government is extended, the less community and state government will be left. It is inevitable that the extension of national power will call for more and more taxation to support the increased number of departments and bureaus with their inevitable increase of men and women upon the pay-rolls. It is inevitable that the more the government taxes the people, the less the people can tax themselves for state and community purposes. It is inevitable that the more money the government gets from taxation, the less the states can get. The fuller the national treasury, the more empty the state treasury, until all energies of government will be nationalized and the states will be too poor to pay for any of their own. When that time comes, then will come revolution as the only escape from the tyranny of Congress, just as it was the only remedy in 1776 against the tyranny of a king. Either this or national death through a slavish and decadent citizenship.”

Now some people believe this and some people don't. The unfortunate part about the whole thing is that the people who believe it to be true, and who see our American forms of government swiftly being supplanted by hybrid and communistic foreign forms, can not cast their lot with a political party which stands for the principles for which the founders of the Republic stood. No such thing exists.

Some Democrats are hunting votes by blaming the socialistic drift on the Republican Party, and some Republicans are blaming it on the Democrats. Such men are either deliberately attempting to deceive the people, or haven't the brains to see that the blame falls on the cowardice and lack of principles of both parties. In either event, they are not fit to be elected to the positions which they are after.

Doctor Layton, of Delaware, continuing his speech of April 11, 1922, in the House of Representatives, said: "To-day both parties, within and outside of Congress, are mere bidders at the auction block for the support of every organized class, asking for legislation that if enacted would destroy every vestige of the constitutional government we have inherited we need two political parties differing in principles and not over spoils: an open, honest and frank constitutional party, and an equally open and frank communistic party, so that the sheep of constitutional gov-

ernment can be separated from the three breeds of wolves of socialism, paternalism and communism.”

Doctor Layton is an optimist if he expects that those who advocate socialistic and communistic legislation will be willing to brand themselves as communists. At times they call themselves liberals, and at other times they call themselves progressives. They speak of legislation which they advocate as public welfare legislation and not as communistic legislation. The label which they invariably attach to the person who opposes them is either “Reactionary” or “Standpatter”—evidently figuring that it is less shameful and more liberal to react to or stand pat on the moldy and rancid theories compiled by Heinrich Karl Marx of Treves than the sound and well preserved principles of Washington, Madison and Jefferson.

The writings of Marx are popular with many semi- or freshly-baked persons who call themselves progressives without being able to grasp the fact that their progressive Marxian doctrines are ones that Marx stole from every advocate of socialistic theories from the time of the ancient Greeks down to his own time. There is plenty of room for argument as to whether they are as progressive as they think they are.

One of the newest of the socialistic-communistic groups, known as the League for Industrial

Democracy, advertised in some of the radical weeklies that readers "can not remain idle spectators of the struggle between progress and reaction." Its advertisements added that "a small determined group can set the thinking of a nation." The present order of things, said its advertisements, is "ethically indefensible and economically unsound."

A charming feature of these small determined groups is their keen desire to set the nation's thought in the belief that people can go further and fare better by trailing the brilliant and up-to-the-minute Lenine and his gang than by following in the footsteps of such archaic old fuddy-duddies as the senile dodderers who wrote the Constitution of the United States—that tiresome, indefensible and reactionary document characterized by William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, as "the wonder and admiration of all future generations and the model of all future constitutions."

Consequently these small determined groups who propose to lead the nation toward the bright pink light of socialism think of themselves as being almost too liberal and broad to pass through an ordinary doorway; and the only party tag which they would consent to accept would be that of Liberal, which would leave everybody else shuddering under the abhorrent name of Conservative.

Fortunately the people of the country are

slowly reaching a state of mind where they would be willing to travel under a far more offensive party designation than Conservative as long as it gave them the power and the leaders to clean house with such a crew as the minorities who would starve the nation into submission by strikes, undesirables of the sort that advised and carried out the Herrin massacre, and all those whose sympathies or lack of courage led them to condone or to ignore that progressive movement back to the slums of Europe.

Every day more people are awaking to the fact that Europe isn't the only section of the world that needs an American Relief Administration to relieve it of distress. The United States stands badly in need of one to relieve it of the adopted paternalistic schemes of Bismarck and the old German Government, the offensive and worm-eaten alien theories of Marx, Engels and Proudhon, and the undesirable and destructive communistic doctrines of Lenine and Lunacharsky—schemes, theories and doctrines which, if given a free hand, can wreck America as easily as they wrecked Russia.

VII

Some of the constitution-wrecking, paternalistic, socialistic, communistic legislation has been made into laws, while much more of it is still in

the form of bills soon to be considered by a Congress eager to do the bidding of pink minorities.

Prominent among laws of this type that have already been passed is the Maternity Bill, technically known as the Sheppard-Towner Act.

The Maternity Bill is entitled "an act for the promotion of the welfare and hygiene of maternity and infancy." Briefly and sketchily the Maternity Bill provides for a Government bureau employing large numbers of salaried officials who travel around the country distributing printed information concerning the care of women about to become mothers and of new born children and any other information of a general nature that the distributors of information think that the mothers ought to have. It authorizes the appropriation, for the purpose of the act, of \$480,000 for the current year and \$240,000 for subsequent years, for a period of five years, to be equally apportioned among the several states, and an additional sum of \$1,000,000 a year, for a period of five years, to be apportioned \$5000 to each state, and the balance among the states in proportion to their population, with a proviso that no payment out of the additional appropriation shall be made in any year to any state until an equal sum has been appropriated by such state. In other words, the Federal Government taxes the people for business which properly belongs to the state, and then refuses to use the

money for the purposes for which it was taken until the state taxes its citizens once more for the same purpose.

The administration of the act is entrusted to the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, whose heads have long favored maternity systems taken from German, Austrian, Russian and other foreign sources. Leaders in the movement to obtain a maternity bill for this country have openly favored having the state assume entire responsibility for the maintenance and education of children until they become of age, the pensioning of mothers by the Federal Government, and the endowment of mothers so that "in the event of wage disputes the workers will know that a large number of their dependents are secure and that the call on strike funds will be less."

Because of the manner in which, under the provisions of the Maternity Bill, the government gives a certain amount of money to a state provided that the state covers it with a like amount, it is known to Congressmen as a 50-50 law. Those who object to this form of legislation, besides objecting because it is socialistic and unconstitutional, claim that it helps to make the United States into a bureaucracy instead of leaving it a Federal Republic, and that the initial expense of such a scheme is the merest start. There never has been a government bureau established under

the United States Government, they say, the operations of which and therefore the expenses of which have not grown with the whole-hearted enthusiasm of a Saint Bernard puppy. Thus taxes will constantly increase. Because of these bills, they argue, the power of taxation is gradually being taken out of the hands of the various commonwealths of the Union and reposed in those of a majority of Congress. The result is that a collection of poor states can tax other richer states and exploit them merrily.

“In fact,” said one Congressman on the floor of the House not long ago, “those who are behind this socialistic program of legislation now crowding the calendars of both Houses frankly use the argument that a rich state should be taxed for the benefit of the poor states, provided the object of taxation is some good purpose.

“This means, when applied to the individual, that the man who hath shall be deprived of a part of what he hath for the man who hath not; that wealth must be held for the common benefit, regardless of the elements that enter into human productivity and activity—of thrift, intelligence, industry and ambition.

“How long would the individual work, how active would he be, what impulse to thrift would he have, what ambition in any calling, if the fruit of his labor was taken away from him by compulsion of law and given to the thriftless and the worthless, even though they were needy?”

Opponents of paternalistic legislation further complain that this country rose to greatness through individualism; whereas bills like the Maternity Bill cause the people to depend too much on the bounty of the government, consequently weaken their strength of mind and their moral fiber, and eventually destroy individualism entirely.

There have been men who weren't afraid to speak their minds on such a measure as the Maternity Bill. The State of Maine refused to accept the money apportioned to the state by this bill; and in refusing it, Governor Baxter of Maine said: "The State of Maine will not sell its birthright; and principle, not expediency, has been the determining factor with me in the solution of this problem. This state for the time being will stand with New York, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the three states that have rejected it. In years gone by the State of Maine has not hesitated to stand for great principles; and it is well for the other forty-four states that have accepted the bill to know that Maine neither asks for nor accepts Federal aid for its mothers and children."

Governor Baxter added that the time has come for the states of the Union to hold to a principle and carefully to scrutinize all offers of Federal aid before accepting them, that the states should now be restored to the position which they

held before Federal power was extended over them during the World War, and that they should guard against further encroachment.

Not all men are so outspoken. Many senators and representatives who voted for the Maternity Bill were free to admit that it was a bad bill, and that it should never be made into law; but organized minorities threatened them with the loss of their seats if they didn't vote for it; and their cowardice was such that they threw their principles overboard and voted as expediency seemed to suggest.

VIII

The same socialistic, communistic, paternalistic, bureaucratic, constitution-busting tendencies may be found in the variously-named bill which creates a Department of Education, with a secretary of education in the Cabinet, and starts with an initial appropriation of one hundred million dollars of taxpayers' money to extend education at a moment when education in the various states is staggering along in a fairly satisfactory manner, but when the taxpayer is holding his aching head in his hands as a result of excessive and highly unsatisfactory taxes, and emitting heartrending moans of anguish while running weakly in circles.

Great pressure in behalf of this bill has been brought to bear on senators and on representa-

tives by organized minorities; and Democrats and Republicans alike were assured in no ladylike tones that those who didn't vote for it would, at the next elections, be made to look like something that had passed through a meat-chopper. As was the case before they voted on the Maternity Bill, most of the senators and representatives acted as though they believed everything that they heard, which is considered the height of folly and gullibility by persons with a modicum of wisdom.

The ultimate effect of such an educational system will be the standardization of education as it was standardized in Prussia. It must result in the loss of individualism, in the pulling down of genius to the level of mass mind, and in the destruction of individual creation. This is the purpose and the result of the proletarian culture or Prolet-Kult which is the basis of the educational system of Soviet Russia. If those two tireless Soviet officials, Lunacharsky and Madame Kollontai, both advocates of Prolet-kult and enemies of burgeois culture, were to devise a scheme to start the United States on the road to communistic educational ends without a violent revolution, they would be almost certain to start with something very like an educational bill of this type, which places the control of all education in the hands of the government, and which is admirably adapted to permit national thought to be molded according to the whim of a department head.

Representative John Jacob Rogers, of Massachusetts, a Republican, said of this bill, when it was traveling under the name of the Towner-Sterling Bill: "Federal control tends toward standardization of education. I do not believe in standardized education. I believe Massachusetts or California is a better judge of what her people should learn, and how and in what schools they should learn it, than any bureau or department chief in Washington can be. Education is inherently local in character. If we are to take away from the states one after another of their traditional functions, why should we retain the states themselves?

"It may be argued that federal control is not involved. But here the advocates are on the horns of a dilemma. Either there is or there is not federal control. If there is not, the United States is handing over a great sum to forty-eight states to spend as they see fit. If there is control, the objections which I have suggested become operative. And in fact there is substantial control, however carefully hidden it may be in the newest draft of the bill. There are provisions that the several states must 'qualify.' The secretary of education in Washington will be the arbiter of what states do 'qualify.' No candid person will assert that a determined secretary of education could not easily utilize these and other provisions to control and even standardize education in any or all of the forty-eight states.

"Federal control of education is bound to be expensive, uneconomical and wasteful; it tends to bureaucracy and paternalism; it lends itself to government by propaganda. It is only a beginning fraught with danger. I believe that the Towner-Sterling Bill is not progression, but retrogression."

Senator William H. King, of Utah, a Democrat, places his finger on the same sore spot. "The Sterling-Towner Bill," says he, "aims to rob the states of reserved rights and to increase the bureaucratic power already oppressively exercised in this republic. Bismarck sought to standardize the German schools and to control the education of the German states through an autocratic bureaucracy. The result was that the schools imbibed the spirit of bureaucracy and militarism. Any centralization and standardization of education will prove destructive of our public school system and contribute to the overthrow of the states and the establishment of a consolidated government, un-Democratic, un-Republican, and outside the letter and the spirit of our institutions and the Constitution of the United States.

"There is no power in the Federal Government to tax the people of Massachusetts to educate the children of California. The Federal Government may exercise the taxing power for federal purposes only. Education is not commit-

ted to the Federal Government, but the states reserved to themselves the exclusive control of education. Those carrying on the propaganda for a Department of Education and federal control of education are striking at our government and contributing to its overthrow, and are thus foes of the government established by our fathers.

“The hour calls for the revival of individualism and a spirit of self-government. Washington is too powerful and the heavy hand of the Federal Government is now an obstacle to democratic growth and to the development of the moral and spiritual forces essential for true progress. A Department of Education and federal control of education would mean tens of thousands of federal office-holders, a heavier burden of taxation and an encroachment upon the rights of the states.”

Representative Caleb R. Layton, of Delaware, ever willing to deliver a hearty kick to anything that smacks of socialism or communism, treated it in the following rough but comprehensive manner.

“The Department of Education would be a vast political machine operating in every school-house in the land. Its political power would be incalculable by reason of its opportunity for propaganda for any purpose the department might see fit to inaugurate.

“The very history of the country would be at its mercy; principles of any kind of political

economy could be ingrained in the minds of the new generation, and the whole nation molded in the same universal mold which one man would fashion. It is said that the provisions in the bill specifically preclude any infringement upon the liberties of the states. How imbecile an argument! How insulting to common intelligence! Any one knows that any man of force with one hundred million dollars at his command could have the whole school establishment of the United States eating out of his hand in less than a year, even though every word of the bill was a proclamation of state liberty and freedom. The power of the secretary to interfere by mere suggestion; the opportunities for advancement or promotion at his command, if one was compliant; personal ambitions such as manifest themselves in all human life and such as were revealed so clearly in Germany under the same government system affecting the very highest of the distinguished professors in her universities—all would make a mere state superintendent of education with every subordinate complacent and submissive followers of whatever policy the august secretary of education, with his millions, might desire to establish.”

IX

Bill after bill of like nature was introduced in the sixty-seventh Congress, and organized mi-

norities urged a strong guerrilla warfare in their behalf, intimidating congressmen with well-directed threats and using a great deal of political poison gas.

Here, for example, is one known familiarly as the Fess Amendment, in order to save time. Its real title is "A Bill to amend an Act entitled 'An Act to provide for the promotion of vocational education; to provide for cooperation with the states in the promotion of such education in agriculture and the trades and industries; to provide for cooperation with the states in the preparation of teachers of vocational subjects; and to appropriate money and regulate its expenditure.'" It was introduced by Simeon D. Fess, of Ohio.

The Fess Amendment, which is particularly adept at abstracting money from the taxpayers' pocket, provides that for the purpose of cooperating with the states in paying the salaries of teachers, supervisors or directors of home economics subjects there is authorized to be appropriated for the first year the sum of five hundred thousand dollars; and on each year until 1931 an amount equal to the amount appropriated on the preceding year plus two hundred fifty thousand dollars; and three million dollars a year after 1931. Practically all of this money goes for a pay-roll for teachers to teach the same things that American citizens have been learning without their help for a century and a half. Instead of

encouraging individualism, this bill encourages the sticking of government noses into the homes and lives of Americans in a most persistent and offensive manner.

The pages of that compendium of learning and repository of wit and humor, the *Congressional Record*, give us an insight into these nose-sticking activities. Representative Albert Johnson, of Washington, a member of the Committee on Printing, one day received a publication of the Federal Board of Vocational Education entitled *Diary of Home-Making Activities*. Since it was in his line of business, it caught his fancy and he followed it up and told the House about it.

“The instructions on the first page,” declared Mr. Johnson, waving the diary passionately in the faces of his fellow-congressmen, “say that the home maker is to write down just what she does through the day, and she is asked to sit down three or four times a day and make a note of everything she has been doing—even the little things that seem of no account. It particularly urges her to be careful to include the little services, for, as it says, ‘They seem little to you but multiplied they become large.’ These are to be sent to farmers’ wives and the wives of mechanics, the plain people. The companion to this diary for the plain people is a diary to be kept by married women who have received college educations. It goes further than the one for farmers’ wives.

The college-bred wives are asked to tell what they did and why they did it. The trick is to get the mental operation. The instructions say that they need not give their names for the following reason. I quote:

“ ‘Since every person thinks about things which she is reluctant to mention, we have safeguarded your identity by not asking you to sign your name. But if with this safeguard there are still items which you do not list, we ask you to make a mental note of them and to indicate in the place provided on the supplementary information sheet the kinds of things you are reluctant to enter.’

“That is going pretty far for information. Women with college educations are asked to report what they did and why they did it. Here is printed a sample diary page:

“ ‘7:30: Dressed, prepared breakfast.
“ ‘9:30: Lay flat on my back and read the paper.’

“She gives as the reason she did that was because she was tired and curious to read the news and had finished the morning routine. (Laughter.)

“ ‘9:45: A neighbor came in to show me her new coat and gown—I admired them—we discussed clothes and husbands.’

“The reason was:

“ ‘I knew she wanted me to. The subjects interested her.’ (Laughter).

“‘10:15: Hunted for Italian address book.
“‘10:45: Wrote secretary’s minutes for Unitarian Alliance.
Cleaned out jets in Reznor stove in bathroom.’

“The reason she did that was this:

“‘My husband said they needed it to get full strength of gas.’

“Next she—

“‘Wrote a letter to a library student.’
“‘Helped our chameleon change his skin.’ (Laughter.)

“The reason she did that is right here in the document. She says:

“‘I am very fond of him and enjoy cheering him up.’
(Laughter.)

“*Mr. Layton*: Will the gentleman yield?

“*Mr. Johnson* of Washington. I will.

“*Mr. Layton*. I simply want to say that I do not think the House of Representatives ought to laugh at that, considering the fact that they recently voted for and took on the Maternity Bill.

“*Mr. Walsh*. Will the gentleman yield further?

“*Mr. Johnson* of Washington. I yield.

“*Mr. Walsh*. What connection does this diary of the ordinary housewife and the college-educated housewife have with the problems of vocational education?

“*Mr. Johnson* of Washington. That is the interesting part. These diaries were printed only

to the number of five thousand. They are to be sent out through the various official channels, and it is presumed that not more than one thousand will come back. If the Vocational Board gets a thousand back, it says it will do well. No return franked envelope is sent out with the diary blanks in order to get them back.

“My informant—the assistant over there—says if they get a thousand back as to what farmers’ wives and working men’s wives did during every minute of a busy day, they—the board—will be able to form a curriculum for educating young girls along the line of what the most women have to do according to these one thousand reports. They said to me, almost in these words, that if enough wives reported that they took some time to cut papa’s pants down for Willie, they hoped to show the necessity for having to study on the remaking of papa’s pants in the curriculum. I asked, ‘Suppose enough women report that they spent half an hour a week in the making of fudge, would they have to have a fudge-making class in the economics schools?’ The reply was ‘No;’ that they did not believe in teaching fudge-making. That is where modern grammar schools beat them.

“*Mr. Walsh.* What would happen if they entered in the diary that they spanked Willie every morning? (Laughter.)

“*Mr. Johnson* of Washington. It follows that

they would have to have the spanking business brought into the curricula of vocational education, and give regular instruction along that important line. (Laughter.)

“Mr. Walsh. And the Government would probably have to furnish the shingles.”

And then there was another burst of gay and care-free laughter; but after the genial taxpayer has for a few years paid the increasing taxes that will be necessary to take care of the Federal bureaus that administer these socialistic and paternalistic schemes, he won’t have a laugh in his system for either the Democratic or the Republican Party, whose lack of principle is responsible for their existence.

X

In place of glittering generalities, let us be specific concerning the increasing cost of federal bureaus. Let us take, for example, expenditures in 1900 and expenditures in 1923.

In 1900 there were three government commissions or establishments which were not under the control of the various government departments. These were the Civil Service Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Smithsonian Institution, and they were run for much less than a million dollars.

In 1923 there were thirty-three government commissions or establishments not under the con-

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trol of the different departments of the government; and the expense of running them was over six hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

Here is the itemized list for those who have doubts:

	1900	1923
Executive office	\$110,416.34	\$364,360.00
Alaska Fund (Indigent of Alaska)		20,000.00
Alien Property Custodian		300,000.00
Arlington Memorial Bridge Commission		12,000.00
Bureau of Efficiency		143,050.00
Civil Service Commission	97,408.61	760,000.00
Coal Commission		190,000.00
Colorado River Commission		10,000.00
Commission of Fine Arts		6,417.00
Employees Compensation Commission		3,075,000.00
Federal Board of Vocational Education		5,604,530.00
Federal Fuel Distributor		100,000.00
Federal Narcotic Control Board		2,500.00
Federal Power Commission		60,000.00
Federal Trade Commission		900,000.00
General Accounting Office		3,500,000.00
Housing Corporation		971,900.00
Interstate Commerce Commission	242,945.24	5,200,000.00
Transportation Act, 1920		53,360,000.00
National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics		215,000.00
Railroad Labor Board		335,000.00
Railroad Administration		158,000,000.00
Loans to Railroads		23,600,000.00
Shipping Board		38,508,515.00
Smithsonian Institution	368,506.21	736,000.00
State, War and Navy Dept. Bldgs.		2,705,000.00
Tariff Commission		340,000.00
U. S. Geographic Board		1,600.00
U. S. Veterans Bureau		476,119,344.00
War Finance Corporation Deduction, Excess Credits		125,000,000.00
Total	\$819,276.40	\$650,145,616.00

Those who go to the trouble of checking these figures should subtract the last item, which represents excess credits of the War Finance Corporation, from the sum of the preceding figures.

The growth of the executive departments is another enlightening exhibit of national expenditure. The comparison of expenditures is as follows:

	1900	1923
Department of Agriculture.....	\$ 3,625,850.54	\$ 156,586,899.00
Department of Commerce (estab. 1903).	21,495,000.00	
Department of the Interior.....	161,218,094.22	346,265,511.00
Department of Justice.....	6,865,806.48	18,364,484.00
Department of Labor.....	173,009.74	6,770,129.00
Navy Department	56,378,312.28	347,616,064.00
Post Office Department.....	8,761,175.96	31,517,170.00
Department of State.....	3,356,173.87	15,960,089.00
Treasury Department	52,053,112.10	279,089,258.00
War Department	137,650,328.67	327,430,287.00
District of Columbia.....	7,171,582.22	24,800,000.00
 Total	 \$447,553,458.44	 \$2,240,329,871.00

XI

Let us get on to some of the other bills which were introduced in the sixty-seventh Congress. Senator Edwin F. Ladd, of North Dakota, which is a state that has, in the past few years, seemed to have many ideas in common with Soviet Russia, introduced a bill entitled the "Agricultural Prices Stabilization Act, 1922." This was a bill to promote agriculture by putting a minimum price on wheat, shelled corn, raw cotton and raw wool. It was not interested in putting a minimum price on Aroostook potatoes or Delaware grapes or Connecticut tobacco. Those crops may fail, and their growers may suffer the losses that every business man runs the risk of having in a bad season; yet they would be taxed heavily in order that the growers of wheat, corn, cotton and wool may be sure of a profit. Such class legislation seems somewhat unreasonable. If those who raise wheat, corn, cotton and wool should be protected from loss, why shouldn't those who raise

cantaloupes and tomatoes and lettuce and poultry be protected from loss? Why should automobile manufacturers suffer during a bad year? Why shouldn't tailors, plumbers, safe-blowers, authors, peanut-roasters, prize-fight promoters, doctors, lawyers, yeggmen, walking delegates, bankers, and garbage collectors be protected from all loss by a kindly and paternal government? Why should any one take any risks at all?

Senator Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, a Democrat, introduced the Federal Publicity Act, which was more accurately entitled "A bill to provide for public education upon political questions and for the dissemination of information upon political issues and matters of a political nature of public interest by an authorized publicity pamphlet." It provided for pamphlets containing pictures of candidates for the Senate and the House of Representatives—"with or without his portrait cut of suitable size and quality," to quote the wording of the bill—and giving the reasons why the candidate should be nominated. The exact meaning of the "suitable size and quality" phrase is not known, but it probably means that if the candidate is a cheap skate, he will receive a large portrait cut of fine quality; whereas if he is a good man, he will receive a portrait cut the size of a bean on a meat-paper insert. The whole pamphlet must not exceed ninety-six pages in size—presumably so that it won't take up too much room in the home and eventually in-

cense the woman voter and housekeeper—and any political party at all shall be entitled to at least two pages of free space in it. This will be a great help when the country is loaded down with the political parties which develop as a result of congressional blocs—the Farmers' Party, the Small Automobile Owners' Party, the Large Automobile Owners' Party, the Bootleggers' Party, the Landlords' Party, and what-not.

There are many other candidates for government positions, of course, in addition to those for senator and representative, whose qualifications ought to be explained to the ignorant voters; and if the Federal Government intends to meddle in this way with state activities, it might as well get out authorized publicity pamphlets on gubernatorial candidates, and candidates for state legislatures, and candidates for aldermen, and candidates for dog-catchers.

There are other things, too, that various factions and parties in this country would like to have explained. If taxpayers are to stand for the cost of an authorized publicity pamphlet, they might as well stand for a government periodical setting forth the views of those living in the north and south of Ireland, the views of the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs over the Fiume question, the merits of the Rumanian-Hungarian controversies, the Italian, French and British views of the Turkish-Greek fracas in Asia Minor, the arguments of the advocates of the Irish Free State and the

Irish Republic, and various other European matters that are habitually misrepresented to the citizens of the United States.

Then the government should arrange to put out pamphlets disseminating the opinions of the steamship lines concerning immigration, the opinions of radio experts on various brands of radio sets, the unexpurgated opinions of newspaper men on Congress, the inner thoughts of movie actresses concerning the benefits to be derived from shampoos and facial creams—the field is practically unlimited.

When Senator Owen gave the matter of publicity a little more thought, he evidently began to think favorably of having the Government enter into competition with the combined daily press of the country. At any rate, the newspapers don't please him, for he introduced another bill to establish a National Bulletin. It is to have a bipartisan staff of editors, and it is going to "contain an abstract of congressional debates and all the official utterances and administrative orders of the President and all public measures passed by Congress," to say nothing of "measures introduced in Congress, even though not reported or discussed, as any two or more of the members shall request."

One-fifth of the space in the bulletin is to be set apart for editorial comment on party records, speeches and utterances of public officials, and questions at issue; and the editorial space is to be

apportioned between the parties represented in Congress in proportion to their voting strength at the last congressional election.

Might, and not right, is to have full sway in the bulletin's editorial columns. This, of course, offsets the dirty work of the newspapers of the country, who are just as apt as not to use up three or four editorial columns cursing Democratic measures, even when the Democrats are in power. Such foul tactics should never be permitted.

Said bulletin, incidentally, is to be published at the expense of the government, which really means at the expense of the taxpayers, "and shall be sent to all public officials, national, state and local; to all post-offices; to all newspapers, magazines and reading rooms, hotels, railway waiting rooms, and such other public places as Congress shall direct."

Nothing was said in the bill about sending free copies of the Bulletin to taxicab drivers, factory owners, trade unions and women's clubs, but this oversight will probably be remedied in an amendment. The price of the bulletin is to be ten cents a quarter or twenty-five cents a year. It is expected to be worth the price as kindling alone.

XII

Senator Duncan V. Fletcher, of Florida, a Democrat, stepped forward with a bill "to

establish a National Conservatory of Music for the Education of pupils in music in all its branches, vocal and instrumental, and for other purposes." It is barely possible that the students at this National Conservatory will come down daily to the Senate and the House of Representatives and sing the members to sleep. It would be interesting to know whether congressmen are able to think of these things offhand and without any great mental exertion, or whether they have to eat a lot of indigestible food and sit up until early in the morning with inflamed brains in order to evolve them. As soon as the National Conservatory of Music is under way in Washington, our legislators can make further increases in taxes by creating a National Stenography School, a National Cooking School, a National Conservatory of Manicuring, a National Ballet School, National Hairdressing Parlors, and so on.

Representative—now Senator—Simeon D. Fess, of Ohio, was not so modest as Senator Fletcher. Mr. Fess introduced a bill to create a national university at the seat of Federal Government, said university to be known as the National University of the United States. If some of this legislation had been proposed in the hearing of George Washington and James Madison, they would probably have passed out from severe cases of hiccups engendered by protracted attacks of hilarity.

Senator Henry F. Ashurst, of Arizona, a Democrat, introduced a bill "to provide federal aid in caring for indigent tubercular persons, and for other purposes." Indigent tubercular persons are, of course, worthy of all the sympathy and aid in the world. So, too, is everybody who is indigent and ill. If the government is to assist the state in caring for non-residents who have tuberculosis, why shouldn't it also assist the state in caring for non-residents who have influenza, measles, rheumatism, hog-cholera, milk-leg, wens, cataracts, boils and ring-worm?

Representative John E. Raker, Democrat, of California, introduced a bill "to create a Bureau for the Deaf and Dumb in the Department of Labor, and prescribing the duties thereof." A slight mistake was apparently made in drafting the bill: otherwise it would not be unreasonable to demand a Bureau for the Deaf and Dumb in the Senate and House of Representatives; for the percentage of Mentally Deaf and Figuratively Dumb in those bodies is very high. What the bill meant to say was "to create in the Department of Labor a Bureau for the Deaf and Dumb." The crux of the matter is this, however: if there is to be a Bureau for the Deaf and Dumb to help the United States roll gracefully from a republic to a bureaucracy, there is no reason why there shouldn't also be bureaus for the bald, for the lame, for the dyspeptic, for the absent-mind-

ed, and so on, all at the expense of the generous and care-free taxpayer.

Having the educational bee in his bonnet, Mr. Raker also evolved another idea which entails more lavish generosity on the part of the taxpayer. This was embalmed in a bill "to make accessible to all the people the valuable scientific and other research work conducted by the United States through establishment of a national school of correspondence." This bill provides that any resident can be instructed by correspondence from Washington in almost any old thing. All one will need to do will be to mark an X in the square opposite any one of fifty-seven thousand subjects, like guano-collecting or feather-bed renovating, in order to be bombarded with instructions which can be easily read with the assistance of an ouija-board and a technical expert. When the National Correspondence School assembles all its professors, instructors and mailing clerks in one spot, Washington rents will jump thirty feet in the air and the taxpayer will be conscious of a dull, shooting pain in the neighborhood of his check-book.

Senator Owen again stepped to the front with two more bills, which fit into this socialistic mosaic: one a bill "to establish a Department of Health," with a secretary of health sitting in the Cabinet, probably for the purpose of telling the president when the temperature of the country

is getting over-feverish; the other a bill "to create a Department of Education" with a secretary of education sitting in the Cabinet, probably to get the sense of the ruling party as to just what sort of educative propaganda should be slipped into the ear of the children of the nation.

Strange things happen to legislators when they get on the subject of education. It seems to go to their heads and break up their moral fiber, like bad whisky. Honorable Frederick H. Gillett, Republican, of Massachusetts, Speaker of the House, introduced by request a bill "to provide for the world-wide extention of education by the cooperation of national governments." This timid, modest, retiring little bill appropriated ten million dollars to start things going, and provided that a commission be created to extend, in cooperation with other nations, education to all mankind. Its object is "the removal of illiteracy from all mankind, instruction in the applications of science and mechanics to the work of the world and the physical welfare of mankind or world health, international or world ethics promotive of just and humane government the world over."

In time, of course, a little ambition might be injected into the commission's program. It could get in contact with Mars, appropriating several billion dollars to send a party of bureau heads to that planet in order to give the Martians a little high-class instruction in world ethics or something.

XIII

Senator William S. Kenyon, Republican, of Iowa, introduced a bill establishing a Department of Social Welfare, with a secretary of social welfare sitting in the Cabinet; and Senator Medill McCormick, Republican, of Illinois, not to be outdone by the senator from Iowa, introduced a bill creating a Department of Public Welfare, with a secretary of public welfare sitting in the Cabinet.

Paternalism, socialism, money-wasting and nose-sticking can be carried to the limit under either of these bills; for they can be stretched to include every activity known to or practised by man or woman. Under them Congress can gaily go ahead forming bureaus and commissions to look after the length of women's skirts, or to regulate the number of rugs permitted in any given room, or to make women wear standardized evening gowns and men wear standardized tin hats that can be used as stew-pans at meal-times, or to regulate the amount of paint that girls can wear, or to forbid children under seventeen to attend the movies, or anything whatever. And either of them, after a few years of operation, during which its expense would swell in a way to make a sponge look non-swellable, would give the taxpayer a somewhat jaundiced and bored appearance.

Senator Park Trammell, Democrat, of Flor-

ida, helped the good work along in his quiet and inconspicuous way by introducing a bill "providing for and establishing scholarships in each of the states as a memorial to the American soldiers, sailors and marines who gave their lives for their country, and as an expression of appreciation to the brave and loyal men who served in the military and naval forces of the United States in the late war." This is, of course, a pretty thought, but an excellent example of the manner in which sentimentality can make dents in the judgment.

Then there was the Fess-Capper Bill, introduced in the Senate by Senator Arthur Capper, Republican, of Kansas, and in the House of Representatives by Mr. Fess, "to provide for the promotion of physical education in the United States through cooperation with the states in the preparation and payment of supervisors and teachers of physical education, including health supervisors and school nurses, to appropriate money and regulate its expenditure, and for other purposes." This is the same old paternalistic, socialistic stuff that has recently been and is constantly being forced on the country by organized minorities.

"If Congress passes such legislation," asks Doctor Layton, of Delaware, "how can it reasonably refuse to pass a national food bill, the object of which would be to establish a bureau for the

free dispensation of food to all who are hungry everywhere in the land? Or a national clothing bill, to clothe at government expense all who are cold and clotheless? Or a national bureau for furnishing homes for the homeless? Or a bureau—an addition to the Public Health Service—for the purpose of furnishing free medicines, free nursing, free cars, and provision of every sort for all the sick of the nation, as well as the indigent, pregnant women? If we are to open up the floodgates of legislation for such purposes, why not, as they say, 'go the whole hog' and establish a bureau for the installation of a bathtub at government expense in every home in the land that is without one? The dreaming professor of sociology could very nicely and properly use for his propaganda the old saying that cleanliness is next to Godliness, and so justify his altruism. Again, if it is so desirable to care in a most meticulous way for human life and human ills, why not for prophylactic purposes establish a dental bureau and require every individual in the United States who possesses teeth to have them examined every six months at the government's expense? As a preventive of diseases, there would be no doubt of the value of such a measure. This was not only demonstrated, but insisted on, as an Army and Navy medical regulation during the late war by all the principal belligerents."

The principle underlying these bills, says

Representative A. Piatt Andrew, Republican, of Massachusetts, "is based on the war-time theory that the National Government should do those things which it was not originally intended to do. It is based on the confused notion that our American Government should abandon the heritage which has come down to us from the earliest days of our history, and that we should adopt the highly centralized methods of the Old World countries with their military and monarchical traditions."

The more of these schemes a people adopt, the more confused become their already confused notions. That is why this country needs a new line-up in place of the Democratic and the Republican Parties: a line-up of Liberals on the one hand, who are willing to throw the Constitution overboard and follow this socialistic, paternalistic, bureaucratic, communistic drift to the ruin that has always accompanied it wherever it has been used; and on the other hand a line-up of Conservatives who want to go back to the safe, sane, sound and perpetually progressive thought of the founders of the American Republic.

Lacking that, the citizens of the country may one day feel that they must turn to the direct and common-sense action of Mussolini's Black Magic.

BOOK VI

THE INARTICULATE CONSERVATIVES

I

NEARLY everything in the world is, at one time or another, largely influenced by fashion. At certain periods in history front porches have been fashionable on houses; at other periods front porches have been enthusiastically banned by the dictates of fashion. Literature, at times, has had to be well-sprinkled with commas, semi-colons, dashes and involved sentences in order to be in the swim; at other times it has been considered out-of-date unless it ran to short sentences and a paucity of all punctuation except the period. Fashions in women change: on occasions the truly fashionable woman had to have the swelling contours of Mount Ranier and tip the beam in the vicinity of two hundred pounds; on other occasions she couldn't arouse any excitement among the smart set unless she weighed between ninety-five and a hundred and thirteen and had the general outline of a two-by-four joist.

Everything—ships, shoes, sealing-wax, cabbage-cooking, monarchies and what-not—has

been regulated or influenced by fashion at one time or another; and the government of the United States is no exception to the general rule. For a great many years the fashionable attitude among American citizens was to think of the government as "my government." The average American paid a great deal of attention to getting men to run his laws for him; and on the whole he was eminently successful in getting a government suited to his needs. It was fashionable for Americans to participate in the business of government, and rightly so; for there is no business that is more important to the citizens of any country. Consequently the town ran itself and the city ran itself and the county ran itself and the state ran itself. For any of these units to have confessed that it was incapable of running itself would have been a shameful admission of impotence and incompetence on the part of those who were proud to participate in the business of government.

Of recent years, however, fashions have changed in all these things, as fashions will. The average American, instead of looking at his government as a part of his private possessions, to be guarded and cherished and exhibited with pride, has come to view it as a vast, impersonal thing out of which he ought to pry everything piable at the earliest opportunity. No longer does he view it as "my government," but as

“your government.” No longer are towns, cities, counties and states content to run themselves by their own efforts. They want the Federal Government to rush to their assistance with men, money and regulations, and remove from their shoulders all burdens of government that seem to them difficult or expensive.

II

It is no longer fashionable to vote in the United States—no longer fashionable, that is to say, to pay attention to the business of government. Out of all the eligible voters in the United States, only about forty-nine per cent. of them are sufficiently interested in their government to step up to the polls and cast their votes on election day. Less than half of America’s qualified voters, on the face of the returns, have sufficient patriotism to participate in the running of their country.

In 1920, twenty-six million people voted in the presidential election; but the total number of qualified voters was half a million over fifty-four million. For every man and woman who voted, there was a slacker who didn’t, and there were two million and a half non-voting slackers to boot. Since the population of the country is in the neighborhood of one hundred ten million, only about one American in every four makes himself heard as to the manner in which the country shall be governed.

In some states, of course, the percentage of eligible voters who vote is very much higher than in other states. The place of honor among the states is held by Delaware, where seventy-five per cent. of the voters go to the polls. At the bottom of the list stands South Carolina, only eight and one-half per cent. of whose qualified voters are sufficiently interested in good government to get out on election day and subject themselves to the arduous task of marking an X on a ballot with the stub of a lead-pencil.

Indiana, that fertile breeding-ground of politicians and authors, presses close behind Delaware by producing seventy-four per cent. of her voting-strength at the polls. The best that the state of New York can do is to tease fifty-two per cent. of her voters into the voting booths; while Wisconsin, the so-called ideal state evolved and controlled and reputed to be hog-tied by Senator Robert Marion LaFollette, the pompadoured and peevish protester, also did its political business in the presidential election of 1920 with fifty-two per cent. of its eligible vote. It might be remarked in passing that wherever the boss system is working smoothly and efficiently, the voters turn out in comparatively small numbers. The people who don't vote think—erroneously—that results of elections can not be affected by their votes. Consequently they stay at home.

The staunch and sturdy New England States,

that are popularly supposed to provide large amounts of moral and political backbone for the country, look rather ill when the election returns are in.

Maine, which gives so many editors a plenitude of material for political editorials every other September because of the harmless fairy-story which holds that "as Maine goes, so goes the nation," can do no better than to cast forty-seven per cent. of her eligible vote.

Vermont voters quit at forty-five per cent. of their total strength.

Pennsylvania, happy hunting-ground for bosses, seems to have made her supreme effort when she is successful in getting out forty-three per cent. of her voters.

And merely by way of making conversation it might with some reason be stated that if the citizens of this country had always devoted only forty-three or forty-five or forty-nine per cent. of their available power and mentality to business and science and invention and war and all the other activities of a young and flourishing country, it would be a considerably poorer place than it is. A forty-five per cent. effort doesn't get any one anywhere except out of the back door or into the bankruptcy court.

III

The United States, then, governs itself with about forty-nine per cent. of its voting strength, whereas England casts about eighty per cent. of her qualified vote at elections and Germany casts nearly ninety.

Now one of the interesting features about a vote of any sort, whether large or small, is the fact that the extremists, the radicals, the fanatics, the people who are supporting passionate Causes, are always numbered among the voters. A member of President Harding's Cabinet who had wide experience with the average voter has said that he couldn't recall a radical ever missing his vote, and that the socialist and prohibitionist were always among those present. Also among those present are always the voters controlled by the cheap ward politician who obtains political preferment in return for the delivery of votes.

Therefore, it must be obvious to even a slightly warped communistic or sovietish intelligence that the great mass of the people in the United States is strongly and determinedly conservative. Since the country, with only forty-nine per cent. of its voting strength casting ballots, is not yet voting over-strongly for radicals, and since political experts are agreed that the radicals always vote, a simple calculation will at once show that the conservative voting strength in the country is in excess of seventy-five per cent. of the total

vote; and a little quiet thought will convince all but the most timorous and the most deluded that it is probably in the neighborhood of eighty-five per cent.

In spite of all this, radical legislators have arrived in Washington during recent years in unusually large numbers; and immediately on taking their seats in the halls of Congress they have seized their fountain pens and dashed off a number of bills calling for the enrichment and safeguarding of one class at the expense of another class, for lop-sided additions and alterations to the Constitution, for various paternalistic schemes that could do nothing except waste more of the taxpayer's money and kick the country a little further down the road to bureaucracy, or for all three.

By grace of the activity of these gentlemen, and by the grace of the activity of organizations of voters who bring violent pressure to bear on legislators who are not particularly radical, but who are extremely anxious to retain the good will of the voters so that they may retain their positions as legislators, the country has had and is having jammed down its throat a large assortment of ill advised, fanatical, communistic, paternalistic laws that their misguided advocates fondly imagine will cure poverty, risks in farming, high prices, small earnings, imperfect education, war, women's illnesses, European distress and that dragging-down sensation.

The radical legislators are neither Republicans nor Democrats, though most of them were elected on the Republican ticket; and their idea of liberality, progressivism and enlightened action consists in voting contrary to the party with which they are supposed to vote. Persons whose minds function normally usually hold that such acts, constantly repeated, indicate perversity rather than progressivism.

The fact remains that the country's legislative bodies are being clogged and hampered by radicals, and that crazy and stupid laws are being inflicted by them on the American people.

IV

Fashions, of course, are subject to change; and if fashions are sufficiently bad, a moderate amount of concerted public opinion will sometimes suffice to change them. It is no longer fashionable to vote in the United States; and that little peculiarity of fashion bids fair to run the taxpayers of the country and the country itself into a hole from which they can never emerge without taking the heroic step of exploding a few tons of blasting powder beneath themselves. The need for some sort of new fashions in voting may be seen by going to the Census Bureau and getting the figures on the 1922 elections in states

that returned radicals to the United States Senate.

The greatest percentage of votes cast were cast in that greatly discussed hotbed of radicalism, socialism and wild ideas, North Dakota. Sixty-seven per cent. of the eligible voters of the state went to the polls to vote for United States Senator. They elected a pronounced radical, former Governor Lynn Frazier, who was honored by being recalled, and who has been prominently mentioned in connection with pacifism during the war and with state ownership of everything under the sun ever since.

Only thirty-five per cent. of the state's qualified voters voted for Frazier. Thirty-two per cent. voted against him; and thirty-three per cent. remained supine and inarticulate and didn't vote at all. It may be taken for granted that most of the radicals and those misled by radicals went to the polls; so that the line-up in wild-eyed and radical North Dakota may with reason be regarded as thirty-five per cent. radicals as opposed to sixty-five per cent. conservatives.

Iowa, home of that energetic overalled rifle-shot and anti-capitalistic filibusterer, Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart, was not so unanimously in favor of Brookhart as one might imagine from hearing the senator tell it. Fifty-five per cent. of Iowa's eligible vote was too busy with its private affairs to bother to go to the

polls at all. The inarticulates of Iowa—the careless and inarticulate conservatives—amounted to fifty-five per cent. of the state's eligible vote. The votes that elected Brookhart—votes to which Brookhart himself refers as “the hod-carrier vote”—came to only twenty-nine per cent. of Iowa's eligible vote. Consequently Brookhart, when he jams up the proceedings of the Senate with speeches on cooperatives and the fiendishness of the railways and the evils of corporations and large salaries, is not representing the sovereign state of Iowa, as he likes to believe and as many people think, but less than one-third of Iowa's qualified voters, which is something else again.

In Wisconsin's 1922 senatorial elections, Senator LaFollette was returned to the Senate by twenty-eight per cent. of the state's eligible vote, or less than one-third of the voters. In spite of the stranglehold that LaFollette is reputed to have on the state, there might possibly be enough inarticulate conservatives in Wisconsin to administer a few violent bumps to that animated Daily Herald of Disaster if they would only consent to change their fashions in voting.

Michigan, Montana, Nebraska and Washington all returned radical senators in the 1922 election. In Michigan, only thirty per cent. of the eligible voters took enough interest in their government to cast their votes, and Senator Fer-

riess was elected to office from that state by sixteen per cent. of the state's eligible vote.

Fifty-four per cent. of the voters voted in Montana, and thirty per cent. of the state's eligible vote was enough to elect Senator Wheeler.

Thirty-two per cent. of the state's voters was sufficient to elect Senator Howell in Nebraska, and only fifty-six per cent. of them voted.

In the State of Washington, Senator Dill squeezed in on the vote of seventeen per cent. of the state's eligible vote; and those who placed crosses on ballots amounted to only thirty-eight per cent. of the eligible vote.

V.

It has long been an accepted political fact that, as a general rule, this country gets just about the sort of government that it deserves. When the voters don't go to the polls in sufficient numbers, they are boss-ridden or represented by incompetents, demagogues and blatherskites. When they turn out in sufficient numbers, they elect good men to office.

Many bitter complaints have winged their way to high heaven during the past few years over the constantly deteriorating types of legislators who occupy the halls of Congress, and over the fool laws that said legislators are distinguishing themselves by passing. So long as fifty-one

per cent. of the nation's voters are content to remain inarticulate, the country is getting exactly what it deserves in the line of legislators and laws; but it most emphatically isn't getting what it needs.

The things that any country needs are far removed from the things that are so passionately advocated by that flannel-mouthing brotherhood and sisterhood composed of sentimentalists, communists, parlor bolsheviks, government-ownership cranks, flat-earthers, internationalists, pacifists, self-appointed censors, paid propagandists and misguided organized minorities.

Organized minorities have grown steadily noisier and bolder in the past few years because of their increasing success in bulldozing soft-spined legislators into voting for the things that they advocate, and because of the continued silence of the inarticulate conservatives who greatly outnumber them, who greatly dislike their activities, but who lack an organization to express their desires to legislators. Organized minorities find it easy to be more vocal than their conservative opponents because four or five people screaming in concert can always make more noise over a Cause than a thousand unled and unorganized persons can make in trying to offer a negative resistance to that Cause.

All sorts of organized minorities exist, of course, all of them with headquarters and indus-

trious secretaries and press agents in Washington. There they watch the activities of the Senate, the House and the various executive departments of the government, interpret these activities to their organizations in their own way—frequently, it might be added, misinterpreting them—and inspire floods of demands in the shape of letters and telegrams from the individual members of the organizations to senators, representatives and Cabinet officers.

Now letters and telegrams sent to senators, representatives and Cabinet officers by voters on matters of public interest should be highly valuable to those gentlemen; but when the letters and telegrams, instead of representing public opinion, represent the one-sided views of a comparatively small and extremely highly organized body of occasionally misinformed and sometimes misguided persons, they are misleading, harmful and dangerous. They become particularly dangerous when the organizations that inspire them, through a lack of understanding of our form of government, advocate tampering with the Constitution of the United States and reconstructing it to conform with their own half-baked theories. Legislators too frequently interpret their demands as great cries from the people, forgetting entirely the great body of inarticulate conservatives in the country, with the result that America's entire form of government is in grave

danger of being mauled, mangled, tinkered and wrecked by a comparatively small group of abnormal and irrational faddists. Some of the soundest and sanest legislators in both houses of Congress have made the statement that scarcely a single piece of legislation was passed during the two-year life of the sixty-seventh Congress that wasn't passed at the behest or for the benefit of some small group or organized minority. The inarticulate conservative didn't even have what is loosely designated as a look-in, and the government of the United States was almost entirely a government by organized minorities.

VI

The strength and influence of organized minorities is occasionally very great.

Before and during the war, for example, there was an uncomfortably large number of otherwise normal persons who preached the doctrine that a nation—particularly the United States—ought to eliminate its army and navy, and place itself in a supine, flabby and defenseless attitude so that any other nation could kick it in the face and jump up and down on its stomach at will.

Their arguments were unsound and their judgment was bad. They gave pain to the inarticulate conservatives and to many others not so inarticulate. Among the latter was Theodore

Roosevelt, who wrote concerning them: "Let us realize that the words of the weakling and the coward, of the pacifist and the poltroon, are worthless to stop wrongdoing. Wrongdoing will only be stopped by men who are brave as well as just, who put honor above safety, who are true to a lofty idea of duty, who prepare in advance to make their strength effective, and who shrink from no hazard—not even the final hazard of war, if necessary—in order to serve the great cause of righteousness."

They were a little difficult to put one's finger on, as they had no organization worthy of note—a fact that was probably fortunate for them; since the war, as it progressed, demonstrated the folly of so many of their arguments that they might have been egged if they could have been located in bulk.

After the war, however, the pacifists began to organize. In addition to a highly efficient organizer of their own, Frederick J. Libby, they drafted a trained organizer from the Anti-Saloon League of America in the person of Samuel E. Nicholson.

Mr. Libby was with the Quaker Relief Committee in Europe during the war; and after the war was the European Commissioner for Reconstruction for the same committee in Germany, Poland and other countries. On returning to this country early in 1921 he expressed his deep ad-

miration for the Soviet régime, and became a strong advocate of Soviet Russia.

Mr. Nicholson was secretary of the National Anti-Saloon League from 1898 until after the League won its fight for prohibition. As an organizer and director of Causes he had great talent. He could do better than make two blades of grass grow where one formerly grew. He could cause one hundred letters to congressmen to spring into existence where none were ever even thought of prior to his activities.

Early in the spring of 1921 the pacifists organized themselves into a body, adopting a name very similar to the title selected by Secretary Hughes for the so-called "Arms Conference." The pacifists called themselves the National Council for the Limitation of Armaments. A few months later they changed their name to the National Council for the Reduction of Armaments. A few months after that they again changed their name to the National Council for the Prevention of War.

This organization came into existence as the result of a call on the part of the Foreign Policies Association of New York for a conference between American organizations interested in the limitation of armaments and kindred matters. The executive committee of the Foreign Policies Association was composed almost entirely of extreme socialists, rabid internationalists, violent

radicals, ruthless pacifists and persons so liberal that they were almost invariably to be found on the side of wrong-headed causes and illogical arguments, and determinedly opposed to common-sense measures.

Into the organization came more than thirty lesser organizations, totaling a membership of ten thousand people. Some of them were very high-class women's organizations actuated only by a desire to prevent future wars. Others were wild and persistent advocates of communism and of the glories of Soviet Russia who were using the more innocent organizations as tools and cats' paws by means of which to bring about the triumph of the New Day of Communism in America.

VII

The avowed object of the National Council for the Prevention of War was to obtain a reduction of the army of this country, as well as of the armies of the world if possible, to police strength. Such a purpose is highly laudable, of course, and would be heartily supported by almost any sane person. The careful person, however,—the type of person, that is, who would be both sensible enough and careful enough to spend a fair amount of money each year to insure his automobile against fire, theft and collision—would immediately want to know exactly what was meant by “police strength.”

Although the avowed object of the organization was to get the army down to "police strength," the actual object of the radicals and communists who cleverly influenced the rather hazy thought and controlled the policy of the organization was to wipe out all armies and navies entirely. They refused to admit that any military or naval expert on earth was competent to say what was or was not the necessary "police strength" for a country's army. Any army and navy at all was too big, and their idea of "police strength" was zero.

The difference between a police strength army and an army that is below police strength is similar to that between full insurance and partial insurance. If, however, the army is not able to insure the nation against catastrophe in the hour of need, the entire nation suffers; whereas if an individual is insufficiently insured, the suffering is localized. If a man, through his own folly, wrecks himself, it is largely his own business. If a nation, through folly, endangers the peace and security of its citizens, it is everybody's business. The chief interest in the attempt of the National Council for the Prevention of War to endanger America's peace and security, however, seemed for some time to be limited to the radicals and the communists in the pacifist organization who were eager to eliminate armies because a defenseless country may more

easily be overwhelmed by the industrial revolution.

Farm organizations, welfare organizations and educational organizations were lured into the parent pacifist organization by promises that if they would join to keep the government from spending money on military purposes, they in turn would be helped to remove from the treasury the additional money that will exist for roads, for help to farmers, for public education at the expense of the Federal Government and for welfare work of all sorts.

A very radical member of the organization, whose position is that of managing director of one of the farmers' organizations, testified before a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Appropriations that millions of farmers and laborers didn't want a large army "because they know that a large standing army is designed to break up the orderly effort of farmers and laborers to secure economic justice."

This same man, just before our declaration of war on Germany, in a speech at Madison Square Garden characterized Roosevelt and Root as "Wall Street's traitorous tools" because they had spoken at a patriotic rally a few nights before, and further labeled Roosevelt as "the greatest moral coward in the country."

VIII

The parent organization, claiming to reach an organized minority of ten million people, kept its members informed of its activities, past and prospective, by means of a weekly bulletin. Among other things, this bulletin published strong pleas for poor, misunderstood Soviet Russia. This bulletin instructed the ten million as to the manner in which they were to influence Congress and the president to do their will.

“If you agree with us in believing that America ought to lead the world in the direction of economy on military expenditures,” says one of its issues, “read the following articles and then write your senators to-day. They want to know your opinion. They are responsible to you for the way they spend your money. Remember! Write to-day!”

And in another issue it urges that “on Sunday, July thirtieth, churches and other bodies holding meetings on that day should be urged to circulate petitions or adopt resolutions for immediate transmission to President Harding of similar import to the letters and telegrams of July twenty-ninth.”

A pamphlet written by a leading member of one of the most influential subsidiary organizations of the National Council for the Reduction of Armaments, and widely circulated among the members, instructs them how to hold the balance

of power in elections as well as how to rebuke and influence the legislator who is careless enough to vote contrary to their desires.

“Do you not see,” demands this book, “that the hope of the world, the power of the world, lies now with us? No longer do we need to beg. We can say to the men: ‘We are done with armies. We shall not let you have them any more. Now, what are you going to do about it?’ And if we refuse to listen to their foolish tongues, they can not help themselves, they will have to take what we consent to let them have, for we hold the balance of power. . . . All that some congressmen need is to be reminded frequently that among their constituents are a large number of mothers as well as a small number of profiteering manufacturers; you can make them do your will under threats of withdrawing them from Congress, if they waste your money on war and the preparation of war.”

IX

This organized minority, by raising such a clamor in the ears of Congress that Congress entirely forgot the millions of inarticulate conservatives who were making no noise at all, were actually successful in getting Congress to cut the army and navy appropriations far below the points which military and naval experts had

named as the safety points. Their boldness in demanding further reductions, in issuing false and misleading statements and in seeking to prevent military experts from presenting their side of the case in defense, forced Secretary of War Weeks to speak to them harshly.

“The people,” said the Secretary of War bluntly, “include those forces in America who are preaching revolution and the establishment of a communistic government, and also those who seem to believe that any army or navy is unnecessary. Unfortunately these elements, who are a very small minority of our people, are supported by considerable bodies of patriotic citizens, men and women, who, lacking knowledge and information of the true situation and apparently unwilling to be governed by the experiences of the past, are lending themselves to reduce if not to destroy the military safeguards of the nation.”

Having said this, the secretary of war proceeded to produce official figures from all quarters of the compass, each and every one of which showed that the pacifists were, to put it conservatively, grossly inaccurate in the statistics which they had been circulating as propaganda. To have their names linked with those of communists was a bitter blow to some of the earnest workers in the cause of pacifism; but because of the facts filed away in the archives of the government, the links were never unlinked.

Here, however, is a condition of affairs that ought to give more or less pause to citizens who are in any way interested in good government:

An organized minority, directed and led by radicals, internationalists and communists, is able practically to dictate the military and naval policy of the United States of America, not at all because it knows anything or cares anything about the military and naval needs of the country, but because it sends great numbers of letters to given persons at a given time.

X

One answer to such a shameful state is the organization of as many inarticulate conservatives as possible into an organization that can express itself and combat the organized minorities that are constantly seeking to rip down America's old and tried forms of government and set up new freak forms in their places.

Such organizations are already coming into existence because of the great success of radicals and faddists in having their wild ideas made into law in spite of the fact that the great body of American people are instinctively opposed to these same wild ideas. Among these organizations are the American Defense Society, which works largely by watching for radical activities and exposing them in the newspapers of the coun-

try; the Sentinels of the Republic, formed by ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Louis A. Coolidge of Boston, for the purpose of uniting patriotic Americans against the dangerous attacks that the radicals are making against the Constitution of the United States; the Minute Men of the Constitution, formed by former Director of the Budget, Charles G. Dawes, for somewhat similar purposes; the Better American Federation, the Massachusetts Public Interest League; the National Association for Constitutional Government, and the National Civic Federation.

These organizations are of great value in offsetting radical and mush-headed propaganda in favor of constitution-busting, paternalism, government ownership, bureaucracy and a defenseless nation. Their continued existence is highly desirable, and their amalgamation into a bigger and busier organization is even more highly desirable.

At best, however, any such organizations can only be additional organized minorities. The true answer to the question of how to offset the success of flannel-mouthed minorities in cramming their bogus reforms down America's throat lies in bringing enough of America's inarticulate conservatives to the polls to send the radicals back to the tall timbers whence they could never have emerged if the people of the country had

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taken the proper interest in the business of government.

Brookhart, elected to the Senate by twenty-nine per cent. of Iowa's eligible vote, could never have been elected if the inarticulate conservatives had spoken.

Dill, elected to the Senate from the State of Washington by seventeen per cent. of the State's eligible vote, would have remained by the shores of the turbulent Pacific if the inarticulate conservatives had made a small amount of noise on election day.

The same thing holds true of all the wild men in the Senate and the House. The people would have had none of them if they could have been coaxed to the polls.

XI

Some very astute and experienced politicians scoff loudly at the idea that the inarticulate conservatives can be led to the ballot. It has been done, however, and it can always be done again as long as the proper methods of leading are used.

Out in Grand Rapids, Michigan, some years ago, there was a sudden realization of the fact that only about thirty-seven per cent. of the qualified voters were voting at elections. It was obvious that the control at election-time, instead of being held by the electorate, as Americans like

to think whenever they permit themselves to think about their form of government, was held almost entirely by self-seeking demagogues and professional politicians. As a result of this awakening, the Board of Education of Grand Rapids combined with various other local agencies whose object was to promote good citizenship; and the Director of Publicity of this federation of agencies, Frank L. Dykema, directed a campaign for the purpose of stimulating voting interest.

This campaign consisted of a concentrated effort on the part of every local organization, educational, social, financial and industrial, to impress the significance of citizenship upon all citizens and arouse them to the performance of their civic duties.

Newspapers, moving-picture films and billboards were employed in bringing to the attention of the residents of Grand Rapids the necessity for being voting citizens of the community in order to command the admiration and respect of their fellow-citizens.

On election days the voters were tagged. The man who did not vote was conspicuous by the absence of the tag on his coat and was, therefore, marked as not "doing his bit" for the betterment of his community life.

Various slogans were adopted and appeared in prominent places about the city and in plants

and factories, as well as in the theaters,—such slogans as: “I voted, did you?” and “Ask the man who wears no TAG, Why?”

The campaign rendered voting a necessity to good standing in the community. A very satisfying result of Mr. Dykema’s work is shown by the figures in comparative elections: 11,160 people voted at a city election in the spring of 1918 as compared to 17,860 voters in a primary election the following August. This increase was brought about during vacation time in an off year, and in the face of a loss of two thousand voters on account of the draft.

All the Grand Rapids business men’s clubs interested themselves in the movement, the Boy Scouts busied themselves in it, and the teachers in the public schools made clear to their pupils the fact that if their parents didn’t vote, they weren’t doing what they ought to do, and consequently deserved to have the finger of scorn pointed at them.

The jogging-up of parents by children who didn’t care to be in families at which the finger of scorn was pointed was particularly efficacious in getting out the vote. One Grand Rapids woman complained bitterly—after she had left a voting-booth—at the sauciness of her son, aged eleven. It appeared that on the morning of election day the young man had asked his mother at what hour she intended to vote. She had carelessly replied

that she was afraid she couldn't get around to it, as there were too many other things that she wanted to do. The young man then announced that there was no law requiring him to go to school, and that if his family didn't intend to vote, he didn't intend to go to school. The mother gently reminded him that he was going to school so that he could learn to be a wise man and a good citizen, but the boy was unmoved: what was the use of learning to be a good citizen, he asked, if good citizenship didn't include voting. The mother thereupon hunted up her purse, put on her hat, powdered her nose and went out to vote. The young man went to school.

Because of all these things, the vote in Grand Rapids rose from thirty-seven per cent. of the eligible vote to eighty-five per cent. of the eligible vote—and eighty-five per cent. of the eligible vote in any American community includes enough conservatives to defeat any cheap boss, loose-tongued demagogue, or balloon-lunged radical.

XII

What Grand Rapids can do, Walla Walla, Washington, or Kennebunk, Maine, or Pink Mink, Idaho, or any other city or village in these United States can do.

One of the best ways in which to get such a movement under way, obviously, is to appeal to

community pride all over the United States. If communities can register certain scores, for example, for excellence in the duties of citizenship, the mere publication of the scores of different towns in a county, of different wards in a city, and of different cities in a state will be sufficient to spur laggards to greater endeavor.

Early in 1923, recognizing the danger to the country in the continued silence and absence from the polls of the inarticulate conservatives, President Harding signed an executive order creating a Federal Council of Citizenship Training. This council consisted of a representative and an alternate from the Department of the Interior, the War Department, the Navy Department, the Treasury Department, the Post Office Department, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Labor, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the Veterans' Bureau, the Department of State, the Department of Justice and the Department of Commerce.

The duties of this council were to suggest and work out ways and means by which citizens might be trained to a more adequate appreciation of their duties than they now have—their present appreciation being indicated by the fact that out of seventy-five clergymen in a large mid-western city in 1922, only twelve were registered voters and only six voted in the last presidential election.

Among the things which the council did was the working out of a community score-card which might be used to stimulate rivalry between villages, towns or cities.

Let us imagine, for example, that Pignut Junction and West Whiffletree are adjoining towns in Vermont, where less than fifty per cent. of the registered voters cast their votes in elections. Like many adjoining towns, they are bitter rivals. Imagine, then, the anguish of Pignut Junction if the New England papers were to publish the scores of different towns and reveal the fact that Pignut Junction was so lacking in patriotic development that its score was zero, whereas West Whiffletree had scored a juicy 70.

There is little question that the following year would see West Whiffletree straining every nerve to get a higher score in order to avoid being over-scored by the frantic Pignut Junctioners.

This proposed community score-card was arranged as follows:

1. What percentage of your foreign-born inhabitants are naturalized?

- If 90% to 100%, score 5 points.
- If 80% to 90%, score 4 points.
- If 70% to 80%, score 3 points.
- If 60% to 70%, score 2 points.
- If 50% to 60%, score 1 point.
- If less than 50%, score 0 point.

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2. Do you have a ceremony when inducting applicants into citizenship?

If Yes, score 5 points.

If no, score 0 point.

3. What percentage of the electorate are registered?

If 90% to 100%, score 20 points.

If 80% to 90%, score 16 points.

If 70% to 80%, score 12 points.

If 60% to 70%, score 8 points.

If 50% to 60%, score 4 points.

If less than 50%, score 0 point.

4. What percentage of the electorate vote in the primary election?

If 90% to 100%, score 20 points.

If 80% to 90%, score 16 points.

If 70% to 80%, score 12 points.

If 60% to 70%, score 8 points.

If 50% to 60%, score 4 points.

If less than 50%, score 0 point.

5. What percentage of the electorate vote in the final election?

If 90% to 100%, score 20 points.

If 80% to 90%, score 16 points.

If 70% to 80%, score 12 points.

If 60% to 70%, score 8 points.

If 50% to 60%, score 4 points.

If less than 50%, score 0 point.

6. Have you ever analyzed by occupations the electorate of your community, the electors who have registered, the voters in the primary election, the voters in the final election?

If Yes, score 10 points.

If No, score 0 point.

7. Are issues of elections discussed by the children in your schools?

If Yes, score 20 points.

If No, score 0 point.

Fashions in voting are as susceptible to change as any other sort of fashion. It has been unfashionable to vote for altogether too long a time; and the erratic flock of organized minorities is turning America into a Nut's Paradise. The way to change the voting-fashions is simple and easy, and has been outlined.

America is, as the orator remarked, a great and glorious country, and well worth saving from the hands of cranks, demagogues, fakes, incompetents, reds, radicals, pinks, pacifists and prunes. The time is ripe to change the fashions and give the inarticulate conservative a voice in the proceedings.

THE END

